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REVIEWS.

ITALIAN LITERATURE.

A History of Italian Literature. By Richard Garnett. (Heinemann.)

THIS volume is the fourth in the series of *Short Histories of the Literatures of the World*. It is well arranged and perspicuous, written in lucid and cultivated style, with the scholarly refinement and wide knowledge of various literatures which we associate with Dr. Garnett. Only here and there are we disturbed in the full acceptance of his conclusions by a passing doubt as to the entire impeccability of his taste; when, for example, he classes Byron with Goethe and Shelley as modern masters of sublimity, or talks with most unnecessarily exalted respect of Bryant's respectable *Thanatopsis*. The one real failing on which we are inclined to remonstrate with him is an insistent obtrusion of controversial matter, which might have been avoided or minimised in a history of literature, and a *nai* partiality where such matter presents itself. A single instance is so unconsciously amusing that we may cite it. Cardinal Guido Bentivoglio, a Papal nuncio, wrote a history of the revolt of the Netherlands. It is, says Dr. Garnett, "necessarily defective as coming from the wrong side." Not you, observe, because it is the work of a partisan, but because it is the work of a partisan "on the wrong side"—the side, that is, opposed to Dr. Garnett's sympathies. If a book happen to be the work of a partisan on the "right side," Dr. Garnett figuratively backs it for all it is worth. Another drawback inevitable to all such work is the inefficiency of most poetical translations. In the early portion we have the invaluable aid of Rossetti's versions; but in the later part, except for the late Mr. Symonds and some very pleasing specimens by Miss Ellen Clarke, the translations mostly leave us in darkness, with an impression that the merit we are invited to see in the originals must be wholly a merit of diction and external form, which has evaporated in transmission.

The first sensation, when we have laid down the book, is a sensation of disappoint-

ment. Accustomed to our own opulent literature, Italian literature seems such an unexpectedly small thing. We expect that behind the world-wide names known by repute to every cultivated general reader we shall be introduced to a feast of lesser, yet distinguished glories. But expectation is foiled. When the trees are cleared whose spreading branches fill the foreground of literary history, there is revealed only a sparsely verdurous tract, which would pass unnoticed in any of the great spaces of English literature. The reason of this is indicated by Dr. Garnett in his preface. Italian literature, great though it be, is not the chief outcome of the Italian mind. Why this should be so Mrs. Meynell has shown in an unrepublished essay. The racial gift of the Latin nations, she says, is *intelligence*, of the Teutons *intellect*. The Latin has the outward eye, the quick, sympathetic receptivity of the child: he is intelligent. And this makes for art, for acting. The Teuton is not a born actor, a born artist (take him in general); he lacks the childlike intelligent receptivity, the quick telepathy between eye and hand, passion and word, impulse and gesture: he is too slow, inward, and reflective; he is too intellectual. But this, which is our loss in art and acting, is our gain in literature. It is our prerogative that we are an intellectual nation, that our greatness is insurpassably seated in literature. Our masterpieces do not fill the galleries of Europe, because our gallery of poets is the richest the world has seen. Our actors are hopelessly inferior to the actors of the South, because our drama is the greatest in Europe. From this distinction of national character it comes that Italian literature is after all a limited thing by the side of ours. Coventry Patmore, in what Dr. Garnett calls "a very just remark," though he does not quote it textually, observed that Italian poetry was marked by acuteness rather than breadth; that Dante was to Shakespeare as the Peak of Teneriffe to the Table-land of Thibet. And on Dante really rests the greatness of Italian literature—at least its main greatness. Besides Shakespeare, we have ourselves only one other poet of supreme rank. But our poetry does not drop plumb from Shakespeare as does the poetry of Italy from Dante to Ariosto, Tasso, and Petrarch. It descends by equal steps through Milton, Chaucer, Spenser, to Wordsworth, Coleridge, and the rest—Wordsworth and Coleridge, if essence is to rank before length, being in our humble opinion greater than any of Dante's successors. But the stream of Italian energy which flowed into the mould of literature was a small portion of the nation's energies. The intelligent genius of Italy was mainly occupied in producing the most wonderful succession of artists in Europe. The marvel is that she had yet energy left over to create the second greatest literature in Europe.

It is a curious fact, disclosed by Dr. Garnett, that Italian literature can hardly be said to have had beginnings. A little ring of poets singing at Palermo, under the patronage of Frederick II. of Germany, on Provençal models, but in Tuscan dialect—

that is the first trace we get of it. And then we come immediately upon the forerunners of Dante. Here is a charming lyric by Frederick himself, who wrote better than his namesake the Great, if he did not fight better.

"Each morn I hear his voice bid them
That watch me, to be faithful spies
Lest I go forth to see the skies;
Each night to each he saith the same;
And in my soul and in mine eyes
There is a burning heat like flame."

"Then grieves she now; but she shall wear
This love of mine whereof I spoke
About her body for a cloak,
And for a garland in her hair,
Even yet; because I mean to prove,
Not to speak only, this my love."

By this Sicilian school the seed was sown, and it was from Provence that the inspiration came, as from Italy came the inspiration of the early Elizabethans. The seed sprang up with marvellous rapidity. Guittone di Arezzo is the first conspicuous name of the indigenous Italian school which quickly followed these Provençalised Sicilians; conspicuous because he was the first who gave its permanent shape to that peculiarly Italian form, the sonnet. Then the Florentine school starts into being with Guido Guicciardi, and treading on his heels came Guido Cavalcanti, who eclipsed him, in turn to give place to Dante, the eclipsed of all. Thus, in the very outset, with unparalleled swiftness, Italian poetry reached the greatest height it ever attained. The two forms which Dante's predecessors established in permanent use were the sonnet and the less-known *canzone*—less-known in England. The *canzone* has variations in form; but of the most typical Dr. Garnett gives a specimen in a fragment from Cavalcanti. Since the form is so unfamiliar to Englishmen, we may quote it.

"But when I looked on death, made visible
From my heart's sojourn brought before
mine eyes,
And holding in his hand my grievous sin,
I seemed to see my countenance, that fell,
Shake like a shadow: my heart uttered cries,
And my soul wept the curse that lay therein.
Then Death: 'Thus much thine urgent
prayer shall win:
I grant thee the brief interval of youth
At natural pity's strong soliciting.'
And I (because I knew that moment's ruth
But left my life to groan for a frail space)
Fell in the dust upon my weeping face."

Over Dante himself we need not pause. Dr. Garnett himself recognises the necessity of taking the reader's Dantean knowledge largely for granted, so vast is the theme. Along with him was a band of other poets, who may be studied in Rossetti's *Dante and his Circle*; most conspicuous, perhaps, after Cavalcanti, at once his predecessor and contemporary, being Cino da Pistoia, in whom may be recognised echoes of Dante, as in Dante the influence of Cavalcanti is traceable enough. But one thing should be noted, which is generally overlooked, that in Dante we have also the beginnings of Italian prose, as well as the high-water mark of Italian poetry. The greater part of the "Vita Nuova" is, after all, prose, and very distinguished prose.

After the passing of Dante and the *trecentisti*, another flower-time of Italian literature bursts upon us in the latter fourteenth century, with the advent of Lorenzo de Medici and the Renaissance. Lorenzo was himself a poet, elegant if not powerful; and about him arose a race of poets. Politian, famous for his Latin writings, left us also vernacular poems of great grace and polish. His lyric tragedy, "Orfeo," marks the beginnings of the Italian drama—never a very strong plant. The Giostra celebrates a tournament of which Giuliano di Medici was the hero, and that prince's love for Simonetta. But Politian's minor poems are his best. Of this period, however, the ultimate outcomes are Petrarch and Boccaccio. What Boccaccio did for the prose of Italy needs no recounting. Italian became a prose language in his hands. But his poems are also among the permanent things of literature, though overshadowed by the glories of Petrarch. Petrarch's famous series of sonnets and *canzoni*, the zenith of Italian lyric poetry, is known to all men by name; but beyond the fact that his mistress was named Laura, and that he was crowned in the Capitol, few Englishmen have any practical knowledge of him. Truth is, he does not bear translation. Only a Rossetti would have had much chance with poems so dependent on their beauty of diction; and Rossetti's tastes did not lie in the Petrarchan line. From Surrey and his compeers downward, Petrarch has been sometimes translated, more often imitated, by Englishmen; but no poet and no versifier has succeeded in naturalising him, as Dante has been naturalised by Rossetti, or Tasso by Fairfax. We quote a specimen of his sonnets, which is perhaps as near the original as our language will allow:

"Exalted by my thought to regions where
I finl whom earthly quest hath never shown,
Where Love hath rule 'twixt fourth and
second zone;
More beautiful I found her, less austere.
Clasping my hand, she said, 'Behold the
sphere
Where we shall dwell, if Wish hath truly
known.
I am, who wrung from thee such bitter
moan;
Whose sun went down ere evening did
appear.
My bliss, too high for men to understand,
Yet needs thee, and the veil that so did
please,
Now unto dust for briefest season given.'
Why ceased she speaking? Why withdrew
her hand?
For, rapt to ecstasy by words like these,
Little I wanted to have stayed in heaven."

Mr. Symonds's versions are as good as anything we possess, short of Rossetti's poetic inspiration. Assuredly we get beauty here. Yet, in English, we feel the Dantean mysticism, without the arduous simplicity which compels belief in Dante. No, Petrarch must be read in the original.

This period also saw the flourishing of the Italian *novelisti*, on whom our dramatists drew so largely for their plots; masters of the "short story" as it presented itself to the *naïf* and leisurely mind of that age. Some of them were also poets; and from

one of them (Sacchetti) we take a charming lyric of the pastoral order, which exemplifies the concluding phase of fourteenth century lyricism:

"I think your beauties might make fair complaint
Of being thus shown ever mount and dell;

Because no city were so excellent

But that your stay therein were honourable.

In very truth, now does it like you well
To live so poorly on the hill-side here?

'Better it liketh one of us, pardie,
Behind her flock to seek the pasture-stance,
Far better than it liketh one of ye

To ride unto your curtained rooms and
dance.

We seek no riches, neither golden chance
Save wealth of flowers to weave into our
hair.'

Behold, if I were now as once I was,
I'd make myself a shepherd on some hill,
And without telling anyone, would pass,
Where these girls went, and follow at their
will.

And 'Mary,' and 'Martin,' we would
murmur still,

And I would be for ever where they were."

With the fifteenth century, prose subsided, giving place to Latin, the learned tongue; and poetry developed in the direction of the romantic epic. Sannazzaro also set the model of the pastoral romance, followed by Montemayor in Spain, and by Sidney's "Arcadia" in England. The cycle of the Charlemagne legends was exploited. Pulci wove it into the "Morante Maggiore," whence ultimately came Byron's "Don Juan," through Pulci's more burlesque successor, Berni. Boiardo constructed from the same source the "Orlando Inamorato," only to be overshadowed by Ariosto's "Orlando Furioso." Yet how little it deserved such a fate may be seen from the lovely passage quoted by Dr. Garnett, in which Rinaldo is attacked by Love and his attendant ladies. They beat him with rose-garlands, pelt him with flowers, and Love strikes him down with a tall lily-stem; leaving him bruised and discomfited by the magical assault—a charming allegorical fancy.

The sixteenth century saw the restoration of prose by the great historian Guicciardini and the famous Machiavelli. It saw also the learned and artificial genius of Cardinal Bembo, the friend of Michael Angelo's friend, Vittoria Colonna. Alas for romance! He seems to have possessed more authority with her than the great painter. But the poets of the age were a poor set. It was the day of the Petrarchists, who possessed nothing of Petrarch's genius—Molza, Bernardo Tasso, Annibale Caro. But the great Torquato Tasso came to redeem it with the "Jerusalem Delivered" and the "Aminta." Guarini followed with the "Pastor Fido"—the model of Fletcher's "Faithful Shepherdess." The seventeenth century saw the ascendancy of Marini, whose "conceited" style did much to mar Crashaw and other English poets of the same day. Chiabrera, Redi, Filicaja, struck a manlier lyric note; so did Campanella, the author of some very fine and noble sonnets. But it was the setting of the sun. The

eighteenth century paralysed poetic poetry in Italy as in England; though it saw the culmination of the Italian drama in Metastasio, the virile Alfieri, and the comedies of Goldoni. But Italy's drama was a poor thing at its best compared with France or Germany, much less England or Spain. With the nineteenth century came revival. Monti, Ugo Foscolo, Manzoni, all introduced a fresh lyric fervour, leading up to the modern Italian literature of Leopardi and his successors. It is a feature of Dr. Garnett's excellent little book that he brings it down to date, considering at length even so recent a writer as "D'Annunzio."

It is, you will see, a scanty succession of really great names compared with our own gloriously rich literary history. For that very reason Dr. Garnett has been able to do better justice to it within a brief compass than would have been possible in the case of our own literature. A similar review of English authors would become a mere dry skeleton of a book. That Dr. Garnett's emphatically is not. It is well-proportioned, interesting, and scholarly, from start to finish, and should become a useful and popular handbook for those who seek an introduction to the second greatest literature of Europe.

FRANCIS THOMPSON.

OLD BALLADS.

English and Scottish Popular Ballads. Edited by Francis James Child. Vol. X. (Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

THE late Prof. Child, of Harvard, did not live to see the publication of his tenth and final volume of ballads. It is yet more unfortunate that he left only a few blurred pages of his general ballad theory. Nobody has had the courage to supply this want in the volume edited by Mr. Kittredge. Yet, however imperfectly, the lacuna ought to be filled. The materials, in unexampled richness, have been supplied by Mr. Child himself.

The history of ballad study is well known, from Mr. Pepys to Bishop Percy, from Percy to Scott, from Scott to Child. There was the age of collection of printed ballads; the age of collection of oral versions; and the age of comparative study of the ballads of all races, with their kinsfolk, popular tales or *Märchen*, and *devinettes*, or riddles. The second period was contaminated by impostures, by ballads forged *en bloc*, and by editorial interpretations. Bishop Percy treated the oral versions in his famous folio "with a free hand," and the echoes of Ritson's indignation are sounding yet. Surtees forged ballads which took in Scott, and it is difficult or impossible to be certain that Scott did not improve some of the Border chants. The mystery of "Auld Maitland" remains as deep as ever, for it has not a genuine air, yet seems beyond the skill of Hogg, on whom alone suspicion can rest. The *supercheries* of the eighteenth century are easily detected, but who could have stamped "The Red Harlaw" as modern if Scott had given it as old?

Sir Walter already had glimpses of the comparative method, especially as to to *Märchen*. Analogues of the ballads were found in Scandinavian countries by Jamie-son; then in Germany, then in France, Italy, Spain, Greece, and the Slavonic lands. Moreover, stories parallel to the plot of the ballads are discovered among savage peoples.

Mr. Child, in 1857-58, published, mainly from printed sources, the best collection of ballads then accessible. He next, with Dr. Furnivall, secured the publication of Percy's folio, and its sins against orthodox tradition were conspicuous. Finally, aided by the zeal of Mr. MacMath, Mr. Child won his way to all known MS. sources. In 1890, Mrs. Maxwell Scott gave him access to Sir Walter's unpublished collections. The Skene, Buchan, and other MSS. did not escape him. He had allies everywhere, who found for him oral variants in all directions from Norfolk to New York. He compared all foreign collections, all the masses of chap-books and broadsides. The result is his great work, with every known variant and every attainable foreign parallel. No doubt there are still gleanings; examples are given in the present volume. A few additions may be made, but Mr. Child's great work must remain classical and monumental. Either English or American scholarship ought to sum up the evidence, and draw such conclusions as may be drawn. We ask, What is the age and origin of the romantic ballads; what was the method of diffusion? How, for example, does "The Bonny Hynd" find its way into the Finnish *Kalevala*? Why are certain *Märchen* "balladised" while others only occur in prose? The question of the historical ballads and of their relation to history must be discussed. It appears that the ballad of "Johnny Armstrong" is itself the source of the statements about that hero in Pittscottie's Chronicle and other Scottish prose versions. On the other hand, is "Kinmont Willie" the source of Satchell's version, or *vice versa*? These are among the problems of ballad lore, and they need to be examined with the unsparing method of Comparetti's treatment of the *Kalevala*. Nobody could have executed the task like Mr. Child, but it should not be left undone.

In the present volume is a variant of the ballad of "Riddles wisely Expounded," from a Rawlinson MS. in the Bodleian, of about 1450. "The Elfin Knight" is illus-trated from the Croatian, and from Massachusetts. The Kurds contribute to "Lady Isabel and the Elfin Knight" in a detail. The Turks add to learning about "Earl Brand," and the Basutos have a prose parallel to "The Two Sisters." As for "Lord Randal" the *donnée* is just as likely to have inspired the historic legend of the Lombard Queen, Rosamunda, in the sixth century, as to be derived from the legend, and this we take to be a general rule when what is historic legend in one place is ballad or tale in another. "The Twa Brothers," in a local variant, is still sung after a St. George play, when men go "souling" on All Souls' Day, at a village near Chester—so tenacious is tradition. A fact much more singular is the actual occurrence of sym-

pathetic suffering by the husband during his wife's confinement, as in the *Couvade* (note on "Fair Janet," with authorities, and an explanation by "suggestion.") The prudent medical authorities are not named. The belief is not unpopular in England, and perhaps the *Couvade* rests on the primitive prevalence of this psychical condition. The "poor whites" of North Carolina have preserved a form of "The Wife of Usher's Well"; it is more English and less mystic than the familiar version. In fact, thanks to Miss Emma Backus, North Carolina yields several variants.

The ballad of "The Queen's Marie" has caused much controversy. Does it date from 1563, when a French maid of Mary Stuart was hanged for child-murder, or only from 1719, when a certain Mary Hamilton died for the same crime, at the Court of Peter the Great? Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe suggested the latter opinion, followed by Mr. Child, and, we think, by Mr. Court-hope. The discovery of an apothecary in an Abbotsford MS., and of a real apothecary as lover and accomplice in Randolph's letters to Cecil from the Court of Holyrood, finally led Mr. Child to prefer, on the whole, the orthodox theory that "The Queen's Marie" is of the sixteenth, not the eighteenth century. The present writer takes some pride in having altered Mr. Child's opinion (actual certainty is impossible), for it is next to inconceivable that a ballad of the first merit should have been composed in the year of the Glenshiel Rising. He also rescued an oral variant:

"O little did my mither think
At nicht when she cradled me,
That I wad sleep in a nameless grave,
And hang on the gallows tree."

This is much inferior to the well-known lines scratched by Carlyle on a window-pane:

"What countries I should wander o'er,
And what death I should die."

Where a ring is used instead of a crystal, for seeing a distant person (in "Northumberland Betrayed by Douglas"), Mr. Child cites an Irish folk tale. He would also have found a parallel-looking through a hole in a small stone—in Mr. Mackenzie's "The Brahan Seer." It is curious to find the Scottish naval hero, Andrew Barton, of Henry the Eighth's time, remembered in a ballad sung by a cadet of West Point. King George takes the rôle of Henry VIII., and Captain Charles Stewart that of the Howards, who put down Barton, thus leading to the quarrel that was fought out at Flodden. There was a Charles Stewart, said to be a son of Prince Charles, in the French Navy about 1780. If one may hint a defect, it is that Mr. Child, in editing historical ballads—at least in this one—went to Lesley, Hall, and Buchanan for facts, rather than to the authentic State Papers. In the famous "Dead Brother" (or "Suffolk Miracle") Mr. Child recognises a very strong probability for ultimate derivation from the modern Greek. If this could be made out, much light would be thrown on the problem of diffusion. The ballad is certainly strongest, and has most variants, in Albania, Bulgaria, Servia, and

Greece. But in these countries the conditions favourable to popular poetry most prevail.

These are only scattered notes from the latest gleanings, but they illustrate the extent and curiosity of the topic. A brief biographical notice of Mr. Child, by Mr. Kittredge, an excellent glossary and index, and a number of ballad airs, with a capital bibliography, complete this really monumental work of learning. Let us hope that "the unfinished window in Aladdin's tower" need not "unfinished remain." The pupils of Mr. Child owe to his memory the general statement of his results. They, if any one, have a knowledge of his conclusions as to the main problems of the ballad. Where popular ballad and literary mediæval romance coincide in theme, which is, as a rule, borrowed from the other? We think that popular fancy is usually the real source, but the opposite theory has its partisans.

ANDREW LANG.

A MAN OF PARTS.

The Honourable Sir Charles Murray, K.C.B.: A Memoir. By the Right Honourable Sir Herbert Maxwell, Bart., M.P. (Edinburgh : Blackwood.)

SIR HERBERT MAXWELL is to be congratulated on having achieved a fine success in this biography. Yet the subject and material were not very promising. The career of Sir Charles Murray was one of honour and credit. He was an excellent scholar, a writer of note, an efficient member of the diplomatic service, a courtier, and a sportsman, but in no branch of activity did he assume a place of the first importance. Again, although he lived in close intimacy with the most distinguished men of his time, no record of it was kept, and the book has less than the usual percentage of *ana*. Indeed its poverty in this respect is at times disappointing. We are told, for instance, that the intercourse "between Murray and the philosopher of Chelsea continued till Carlyle's last years of decrepitude," yet it is represented here by only one letter and one allusion. No mention whatever is made of Tennyson, Thackeray, Dickens, or Ruskin, the most brilliant of Murray's literary contemporaries. Of John Henry Newman, who was his tutor at Oxford, Murray gives only this singular description :

"He never inspired me, or my fellow graduates, with any interest, much less respect; on the contrary, we disliked or rather mistrusted him. He walked with his head bent, abstracted, but every now and then looking out of the corners of his eyes quickly, as though suspicious. At lecture he was quiet, what I should call sheepish; stuck to the text, and never diverged into contemporary history or made the lecture interesting. He always struck me as the most pusillanimous of men—wanting in the knowledge of human nature; and I am always surprised, and indeed never can understand, how it was he became such a great man."

The impression made by genius on cleverish commonplaceness was never re-

corded more frankly. Samuel Rogers fulfilled the Murray ideal more adequately than Newman. It is doubtful, however, if Sir Herbert Maxwell has done well in printing so many of the banker poet's letters. They must have been pleasant to receive, filled as they are with the most amiable prattle-prattle, and we do not wonder that they were treasured by the family, but they lack the vividness of phrase and colour that alone would have given them a public interest. When in Germany young Murray, by a piece of adroitness, managed to interview Goethe, and to obtain an autograph from him. The quatrain selected for the purpose is such a fine specimen of the deep and tranquil wisdom to which the poet attained that we cannot forbear transcribing it:

" Liegt dir Gestern klar und offen,
Wirkst du heute kräftig tren;
Kannst auch auf ein Morgen hoffen,
Das nicht minder glücklich sey."

They are lines which Carlyle, writing in 1869, says he had known by heart for forty years; yet his translation, though not unfaithful, is inelegant and fails to do the original justice. Sir Walter Scott was known to Murray in his youth, but there is nothing about him except a bare chronicle of the fact. The same remark may be applied to Fennimore Cooper, whose work supplied the model for Murray's most successful novel, *The Prairie Bird*. Sir Herbert Maxwell does not rely for interest on a collection of tit-bits about celebrities. He touches a deeper and more powerful note. However pleasantly it may be written, the retrospect of a long life is always touching and mournful. It vividly realises that evanescence which is, at the root, the most pathetic feature of human life; it calls voices and names and faces from the irrevocable past; it enforces the lesson of the sun-dial—*Time passeth*. Sir Charles Murray was almost ninety when he died, so that his childhood synchronises with the first years of the century. The changes he witnessed, therefore, intensify our regret that he never wrote the autobiography which he began on several occasions. The most capable biographer, especially if, as in this instance, he had no personal acquaintance with his subject, can only give us the dry bones of a life. He dare not, as the novelist does, imagine or "divine" the million of trivial incidents and details that give colour and atmosphere to the story. For instance, there is not much to awaken interest in the mere fact that young Murray spent much of his boyhood in Hamilton Palace. Luckily, he left behind some notes which help us to picture society as it was when the century was in its teens. He shows us the ninth duke (who died in 1819) with the ceremonious manners of the preceding hundred years, and still wearing a wig tied behind with a ribbon, just as if he had lived in the days of "the wee wee German lairdie." And here is a droll little anecdote concerning a dessert-spoon, an article unknown in Scotland in the beginning of the century, though it had lately been introduced at the Palace:

"A rough county squire dining for the first time at Hamilton had been served in the second

course with a sweet dish containing cream or jelly, and with it the servant handed him a dessert-spoon. The laird turned it round and round in his fist, and said to the servant:

"What do you gie me this for, ye d——d fule? Do ye think ma mooth has got any smaller since a lappit up ma soup?"

At Glen Finart, the home of the Murrays, manners were even more primitive. The Waverley Novels had not yet flooded the Highlands with tourists, and, indeed, as steamship and railway lay still in the womb of the future, travelling was a very difficult matter. Just as Cooper pictured the nobler qualities of his Indians, and attempted no realistic presentation, so Scott gives us the Highland chief with his tail of adherents and stately surroundings. Here, however, we get him in the rough, surrounded by no glamour of poetry or romance. We quote a sketch of one whose very name might have been the invention of Sir Walter or R. L. S.—Fletcher of Bearnish, the Laird of Auchnashalloch:

"He paid a morning visit, and the drawing-room door was thrown open just as my mother was in the middle of a piece she was playing on the harp. Of course she got off the stool on which she was playing to come and meet him, but in a very uncouth way he led her back towards the harp, intimating that she should go on with what she was doing. As a matter of course he had never seen a harp before, and, after she had played a few bars, he put his hand upon her wrist, and, drawing it away, said, 'Thank ye, my lady, I only wished to hear what kind o' noise she made.' Lunch having been announced, of course he was invited to go into the dining-room, and he looked with some surprise at the display of fruit on the table. We had no hothouse fruit at the Glen, but a supply was sent every fortnight from Dunmore Park. After he had despatched the solids, he pointed to a dish on which there were three or four very fine peaches, and he said, 'What kind of an apple is yon?' So my mother told him that we called it a peach, and he said, 'Well, I'll just take yem to taste.' He accordingly took a peach and stuck half of it into his mouth and bit hard into it. The juice ran out of the sides of his mouth and he said, 'Oh, it's a gran' apple; but siccán a pip as it's got!'"

Childhood, as is often the case, furnishes the most salient and essential part of the biography. In after life we feel that Murray is indeed a highly accomplished, well-bred, pleasant companion, but his personality is not a dominant one. He goes to Eton and Oxford and then visits the Continent. His book of "Travels" has familiarised some of us with the next stage in his career, the period of American wanderings. Its interest now lies chiefly in the observations having been made while America was still in its infancy—some of its largest towns unbuilt, tribes of Indians still roaming the forest, hunting buffalo on the prairie, and waging internecine war. The natural step from that was Parliament: education, the *grand tour*, politics, following close upon one another in those days. He was an unlucky candidate, and lost his chance of entering St. Stephen's through no fault of his own—a fact recognised by Lord Melbourne when he offered him the post of Groom-in-waiting. His entrance to the Diplomatic service, his life in the East and in Lisbon,

his love-story with its touches of romance and sadness, his first and second marriage, his home life and favourite pursuits, his last years, and his death in 1895, complete the history of a typical English gentleman.

In narrating it, Sir Herbert Maxwell has found a subject exactly according to his mind, and we know of nothing of his more praiseworthy in every respect than this biography. He has the advantage of being in full sympathy with his hero, of being, in fact, the same kind of man himself—descendant of a good Scottish family, sportsman, scholar, and *littérateur*, gifted with abundant knowledge, haunted by none of the fantastic dreams and visions that have led so many astray; not brilliant, but sound; pedestrian, but not incapable. And we shall conclude this notice with an extract to show that in a fanciful reverie on life's might-have-beens, something akin to filial piety may well have inspired the task:

"Ardgowan, the beautiful home of the Shaw Stewarts on the Clyde, was not far distant from Glen Finart by water, and the Murray boys spent much of their time there. Sir Michael had three daughters—little girls—to whom the three brothers promptly betrothed themselves. *Dis aliter visum.* Margaret, the elder, became Duchess of Somerset; Catherine married Captain Osborne of the 6th Inniskilling Dragoons; and Helenora, the youngest, married Sir William Maxwell of Monreath."

In other words, she became the mother of Sir Herbert Maxwell.

POETESS, NOVELIST, AND LADY FARMER.

Reminiscences. By M. Betham-Edwards. (George Redway.)

MISS BETHAM-EDWARDS holds a position that is probably unique in the modern world of letters; at least we are aware of no other lady whose novels have a steady sale, and whose poems are recited at penny readings, who has farmed a Suffolk occupation on her own account, and writes wisely and well of agriculture. Her reminiscences have therefore two separate interests—that attaching to a successful literary career, and that which belongs to a keen observer's notes on English country life. The latter naturally come first, because they are based on her earliest recollections. One could scarcely expect even "the meekest of silvery-haired little ladies," as she calls herself, to give her own age, but there is internal evidence to show that it is the Suffolk of more than fifty years ago she contrasts so vividly with that of to-day. In other words, it is the same period as was dealt with by Thomas Arch in his *Autobiography* reviewed here a few weeks since. We notice the coincidence because this meek little lady is even more bitter than Arch in describing the rural clergy of her day. To be frank, however, much as we relish the trenchant, clever style of these memoirs, it is least successful when directed against the Church. Miss Betham-Edwards is carried off her feet by an extreme Rationalism, just as Mr. Arch was by the prejudices of Dissent.

Upon this theme alone does she allow partisan feeling to overshadow the sense of humour that plays so wholesomely over most of her themes. For instance, she works up her indignation over the offences of the rector of her native parish, and expresses a regret that ecclesiastical courts, public censure, and the rest of it, were not brought to bear on his shortcomings. Yet all that she proves is that he was a choleric, hot-tempered, slightly autocratic parson, who did not scruple to give one of his sons a thump on the head for misbehaviour just after the Benediction was closed; who reproved a gossiping clerk before the congregation; and who offended a fond mother by christening her child Frederick when she had resolved that his name should be Fred. But Miss Betham-Edwards is very candid, and tells us much that prevents us from judging him harshly. Firstly, it was a very poor living, and he had twelve children—"It is as much as we can do to cover their nakedness," said the mother—and it incidentally comes out that even food was scarce in the rectory. Yet "he paid his way and lived uprightly." Nay, more, let any one try to read this passage without being blinded by the author's prejudice:

"As I have before mentioned, narrow means did not stand in the way of *routine* (the italics are ours) benevolences. When labourers' wives lay in, gifts of broth and arrowroot accompanied the parish bag, and even infectious diseases failed to deter visits of condolence or charity. But there existed no real liking or sympathy between class and class, no tie binding rectory and cottage. This is the parody I heard in our clergyman's nursery:

'Whene'er I take my walks abroad,
How many poor I see
Eating pork without a fork,
Oh, Lord, what beasts they be.'"

But perhaps this was only an early effort of the precocious youth who got himself cuffed after Benediction. Seriously, it appears to us—though much in sympathy with the beliefs of Miss Edwards—merely absurd to get up so great an indignation over so small a matter. If the sins of the rector had been red as scarlet, the following passage would have washed them white:

"As I have before said, under the rector's rough, even bearish exterior, beat a kindly heart. He would laughingly recount how a poor parishioner once begged the loan of his black trousers in order to attend his father's funeral. The request was granted."

Did not this argue some slight bias between the cottage and the rectory? Two men were surely on the verge of friendship when one lent the other a pair of breeches. Another curious act of kindness related of this parson was that, after the chalice had gone round on Sunday, he gave the rest of the wine to the feeble and infirm.

"No sooner had the solemn rite been administered than a sonorous deep drawn quaffing was heard from the lower end of the rails, the poor old men and women gratefully swallowing the remains of the wine. It might have been better to go through this little performance in the vestry. Anyhow, who can doubt that such a custom proved a snare?"

Rustics are capable of mingling irreverence with piety to a grotesque extent.

Only four or five years ago a gross scandal occurred in a Presbyterian church in the North of England. At the half-yearly Sacrament the communicants gulped down the wine so freely that nearly four dozen bottles were consumed. It led to an inquiry that filled many pages of the local prints, and proved that intoxication with communion wine was by no means uncommon.

While filling in real life the rôle played by Bathsheba Everdene in fiction, Miss Betham-Edwards picked up many curious stories and anecdotes that vivify her memories of country life. Of these the following is an excellent example, much of the fun, however, lying in the grave moral which serves as a pretext for introducing the story:

"The following anecdote will illustrate the innate self-respect and true gentlemanliness often underlying these uncouth exteriors.

My younger brother noticing one day that the breeching (that part of harness round the breech of a horse—*Webster*) of a cart-horse attached behind a waggon had slipped, ran after the driver to call his attention to the fact.

"Good God, sir!" exclaimed the poor fellow beside himself with mortification, "I passed two women just now!"

He was very deaf, and imperfectly catching the words, thought that the caution applied to his own nether garment, and that a brace button had given way."

Probably, however, our readers will be more interested in her adventures as an authoress. The story of her first novel illustrates the change that has taken place in publishing. She despatched it to London through "the agency of the family grocer" about the year 1856. The "foremost publishing house" which accepted it agreed to pay in kind, "that is to say, I received twenty-five copies of new one, two, and three volume novels," a remuneration that would stagger the "literary gent" of to-day, surely! She adds:

"The curious part of the business is this: Before me lies the original edition, in two handsome volumes (of *The White House by the Sea*), dated 1857, beside it the last popular issue dated 1891. Between these two dates—a period of just upon thirty-five years—the book had contrived to keep its head above water—that is to say, had been steadily reprinted from time to time, yet from its first appearance to the present day, when it is still selling, not a farthing of profit has accrued to the author!"

One would like to see the publisher's ledger for the period. Yet Miss Betham-Edwards is of opinion that the old conditions were more favourable than the new. She says:

"An author's step first and successfully made there is no doubt whatever that his chances both of recognition and money were infinitely better in those days than now. Publishers were a mere handful compared to their present numbers. They brought out fewer works and exercised more literary discrimination. Public taste had not been vitiated by the imitators of bad French models. The good old system of selling a book just as you sell a house had its advantages. There was no suspense, no delusive waiting for royalties or half-profit. An accredited author, despite the absence of newspaper syndicates, American copyright and other advantages, had only himself to blame if he failed to amass a little fortune in those days."

In support of this opinion she quotes Mr. W. E. Norris, who thinks the young writer has a worse chance to-day than he had forty years ago, since the enormous sales of a few authors so completely fill the market that the new-comer is overlooked. There is a grain of truth in it, and yet so many fresh names have been made during the last ten or fifteen years that there must be another side to the argument.

Miss Betham-Edwards did not come much into contact with the more illustrious of her contemporaries, except it were with George Eliot. Of her she speaks with the bated breath of an admirer. Yet she makes us feel that the great novelist must have been a kill-joy in company. Here is an account of conversation at one of Mme. Bodichon's dinners, Mr. and Mrs. Lewes being the chief guests. Topic—how the world would come to an end.

"I think I hear George Eliot's many-toned fervid voice as she put forward one hypothesis after another: 'And yet, dear Barbara, it might happen thus,' and so on. I believe when we rose from the table the casting vote had been in favour of combustion by the tail of a comet. Somehow, even Mme. Bodichon's usually high spirits flagged, and no wonder. There are moments when all of us need a little relaxation, a little hum-drum human laugh. This wonderful pair seldom enjoyed either. Their intellects had no repose. They were worn out at a period when many men and women may still be considered in their prime."

Among the many admirable gifts of Miss Betham-Edwards, the faculty of sound criticism is scarcely to be numbered. She thinks *Middlemarch* "the great prose epic" of George Eliot, and calls it Shakespearean, "a canvas to be set beside the half-dozen great imaginative creations of the world." But as the creator of Mrs. Proudie gets an almost equal share of admiration this excessive praise is discounted. It is true that for the latter opinion she has the authority of one of Goethe's descendants whom she met at Weimar, but the great German could not transmit his genius as though it were a British peerage. Among other celebrities who are glanced at in these pages are John Stuart Mill, Louis Blanc, and Charles Bradlaugh.

As was to be expected in a writer whose material has been so largely drawn from abroad, some of the most attractive reminiscences of Miss Betham-Edwards are connected with the Continent. The first time she met the Abbé Liszt was at a *table d'hôte*, where he was suffering the attentions of a love-sick middle-aged Baroness, whose daughter of twenty and imbecile husband were the spectators of her folly. An extraordinary account she gives of the sentimentalists and coquettes who fluttered round the great musician, the girl pupils rushing to kiss his hands, the young women dying for love of him. Undeterred by the scandal all this created, she managed to break through the barriers by which he tried to shut out the world, and has succeeded in presenting an intimate picture of the daily habits of this most gifted, most immoral priest. She sums up the matter thus:

"That daemonic irresistibleness, that magnetic influence felt not only by the other sex but by his own, was an ever present thorn in the flesh;

to a passionately artistic and creative nature like his it could not be otherwise. And unfortunately Pandora had not accorded a counterpoise, the wholesome gift of moseness, the power of being irresponsible and occasionally irresponsible."

We have not space for many more quotations, but the following glimpse of Vienna thirty years ago is extremely interesting as showing how continental civilisation lagged behind ours :

" Will it be believed that at the time I write of—i.e., only a generation ago, domestic servants in rich Viennese households slept like cats and dogs where they could? For some time after my installation in the Von J——'s handsome and spacious flat, I was puzzled by certain noises outside my door late at night and very early in the morning. I soon unearthed the mystery. When the family had retired to rest, the Vorsaal or entrance-hall was strewed with mattresses and rugs, and here slept the three or four maids composing the household. At dawn, as quietly as might be, the bedding was cleared away, the Vorsaal swept and scoured, elegant lamps, hatstands, and other pieces of furniture replaced, not a vestige remaining of the bivouac. We English, I admit, are a very boastful race. I must aver, however, that the English nation may well be proud of two inventions—that of the bed-chamber and of another and smaller apartment which shall here be nameless."

The representative passages quoted render it unnecessary to pass any elaborate opinion on this bright, vivid, brusque little book of memories. A great many opinions are very decidedly expressed, and we as decidedly differ from a number, perhaps a majority of them. But the good faith and sincerity of the author are so transparent, she so candidly relates even what tells against her own belief, that disagreement is never a cause of ill-humour or the slightest barrier to enjoyment.

THROUGH CHINA WITH A CAMERA.

Through China with a Camera. By John Thomson. (A. Constable & Co.)

MR. THOMSON has many and various merits as a writer upon China, but he is not, alas! a conscientious man of letters. His book is, we gather from the preface, in the nature of a patchwork, part of it being newly written, part merely "written up" out of old materials already made use of. Now, we have not the smallest objection to this. An author is quite at liberty to boil down and edit and re-issue portions of an earlier work if that work be interesting, and the demand for it justify such a re-issue. But we feel it only right to protest when the boiling down and editing is badly done, when the patchwork is careless and slovenly. And this, unhappily, is the case with *Through China with a Camera*. The illustrations are beyond praise, the matter interesting, and some parts of the text admirably written; but the author, merely for the want of a little care in dove-tailing his materials and correcting his proofs and his grammar, leaves his reader with an uncomfortable impression of bad and hasty workmanship.

We are loth to dwell on this side of his book, however, because in all other ways it is delightful reading. Its subject is, of course, a fascinating one. China stands to us moderns much as Egypt stood to the Greeks when Herodotus wrote the second book of his history. The pity of it is that Mr. Thomson is not Herodotus. If he were, with the mysterious land which he has to describe, and the wonderful stories he has to tell, his book would be another "Euterpe." If Herodotus had only had a knowledge of photography when he made his journey to Egypt, and had been able to hand down to us an illustrated text, how much would have been told to us which he now fails to reveal! Mr. Thomson's wanderings in China carry him over a vast stretch of country. Not only does he enable us to visit the various Treaty Ports and their vicinity in his company, but he takes us by boat some hundreds of miles up the Yangtsze-kiang, the Min, and the Peiho, besides showing us a good deal of the interior of the island of Formosa. In all these places he is followed by his faithful camera, and the excellent views which he reproduces of each of them are of great assistance in helping us to realise perhaps the most fascinating people on the face of the earth.

The great characteristic of the Chinaman is his relentless logic. True, his logic is of the topsy-turvy order, and at times reminds us strongly of *Alice through the Looking-Glass*, but in form, at least, it is very real and thorough-going. For instance, half a dozen men place their cargo on board the same junk. Each of those men, therefore, is captain of the junk as far as concerns that compartment where his own goods have been separately stored. Thus if the compartments be six the captains are six, and each captain has a sixth share of the vessel under his own command. The result of this equitable arrangement, as Mr. Thomson explains, is that the craft is sometimes required to travel in six different directions simultaneously and to stand for six different points at a time, and in the end the crew take the steering into their own hands or else consult Joss, who stands in his shrine in the cabin unmoved though tempests rage. The logic of the position taken up is unassailable, but it is the logic of "The Mikado," and Mr. Gilbert ought to have placed the scene of his masterpiece in China, not in Japan.

The parallel between the Egypt of Herodotus and the China of to-day, which we have already touched on, goes farther than might be imagined. Herodotus noted how often Egyptian customs were the precise reverse of those prevailing in Hellas. This is, of course, even more frequently the case with China and ourselves. At a Chinese fishshop you choose your fish alive in a tank. It is then caught and handed over to you. (Mr. Thomson calls it a "funny occupant"!) The Canton boatwomen do not paint their faces. The Chinese, therefore, consider them of doubtful respectability. Your Chinese detective is a mere Jonathan Wild, who is acquainted with all the thieves, and takes a percentage from you for all property he traces. Should the thief be

not in the profession, so that he cannot be traced, the detective is whipped. Everybody gambles in China, both men and women. The pedlar is quite as willing to gamble with you for his goods as to sell them. When a husband cannot pay his wife's gambling debts he commits suicide. In almost every point Chinese ideas appear to be the precise contrary of our own, and always they are characterised by that queer half-humorous logic which is peculiar to this solemn race. Mr. Thomson has an observant eye for curious practices. He notes, for example, the Chinese custom of fishing with trained otters on the Upper Yangtsze, or with cormorants, trained to dive and bring up fish for their owners on the River Min. He describes with considerable fulness the few remains of the famous Summer Palace which the Foreign Devils spared, and the photographs of these make one feel that too high a price may be paid even for the enforcement of treaties. To destroy this wonder of the world may have been war, but it was hardly magnificent, to invert a familiar phrase. It is impossible within the limits of a brief review to notice a tenth of the interesting things in Mr. Thomson's book, and our readers must read them for themselves. They will find it no unpleasant task.

JOURNALISM FOR WOMEN.

Journalism for Women: a Practical Guide.
By E. A. Bennett. (John Lane.)

This clever little brochure is destined to teach woman how to be a journalist instead of a woman-journalist, and thus, incidentally, to lighten the editorial load. For its author is an editor; and as his paper is consecrated to the "forward, but not too fast," among the fair, one may take it that he knows his subject as well as a man may.

To gain a livelihood by forcing one's rosy fallacies upon the weary world is, according to Mr. Bennett, the whole duty of a journalist. It is better to be press-ridden than bored, so the average householder takes three papers with his morning coffee, and two before bed-time. If he springs with the light heart of illusion into the 9-15 train, let the journalist—he, she, or it—be praised. But the fabrication of rosy fallacies is an art—"it is the art of lending to people and events intrinsically dull an interest which does not properly belong to them." The ideal journalist is he who can gather grapes from thorns, and figs from thistles; to whom naught is trivial, and nothing prosaic. To gild with words, to dress up the commonplace in the motley of romance, is his trade; and few there be who learn it. Of course, the great journalist, like the great poet or painter, is born for his craft. But most successful journalists are made by goodwill and experience. The majority of women journalists are, on the other hand, neither born nor made. Mr. Bennett, it would seem, has found a good many under gooseberry bushes, and is trying to incubate them. This is the

purpose of his book. A most excellent purpose—a most excellent book.

"In Fleet-street," the author remarks, "femininity is an absolution, not an accident." The woman journalist is forgiven much, not because, like the Magdalen, she loves much, but because she works hard and cheaply. It is true that she never—almost never—works well; but Mr. Bennett denies that her faults "are natural or necessary, or incurable, or meet to be condoned." "They are due," he opines, "not to sex, but to the subtle, far-reaching effects of early training . . . to an imperfect development of the sense of order, or to a certain lack of self-control." In the beginning and in the end she fails to realise that "business is business." She is unreliable in a profession whose success depends wholly upon undeviating regularity and constant co-operation. Above and beyond this is her "inattention to detail." Women enjoy a reputation for slipshod style. They have earned it. Mr. Bennett further states that very few of them can spell, and none of them can punctuate. Inaccuracy is, of course, a general human failing, but it is whacked out of most little boys in the schoolroom. It is not considered necessary to teach girls that carelessness in business spells ruin, so how can one expect them to have a nice sense of the parts of speech when they flutter into Fleet-street? Their style further suffers from a constitutional lack of restraint. It is like a garden wherein pied verbs and painted adjectives, like noxious weeds, abound. "Women," we are told, "have given up italics, but their writing is commonly marred by an undue insistence, a shrillness, a certain quality of multiloquence." To counteract this tendency, Mr. Bennett recommends "suitable moral and intellectual calisthenics," though what he means by this is not quite clear. The ensuing chapters, which are devoted to training up the aspirant in the way she should go, are, however, eminently lucid and practical. Though not precisely teaching journalism without tears, their counsel is grateful and comforting. That "the practice of journalism does not demand intellectual power beyond the endowment of the average clever brain" is an encouraging statement. To this the woman journalist may append the reflection that a few men journalists may be found in London who are conspicuous for quite remarkable incompetency. And, although there are no average women left, there are still a good many clever ones who would rather be journalists than wives—"what time their eyes are dry."

CANADA A NATION.

A History of Canada. By Charles G. D. Roberts. (Kegan Paul, Trench & Co.)

CANADA makes stronger appeal to us and is richer in heroic association and story and romance than any other part of the Western Hemisphere. The citadel of Quebec stands for memories sacred

alike for England and France and the United States. Wolfe died to win it, Montcalm died in vain to save it, and Montgomery threw away his life in trying to conquer it from the conquerors. And long before the days of Wolfe, England and France had battled there for the supremacy of the Western World, and Champlain had capitulated to Kirke. When, in 1632, the Treaty of St. Germain-en-Laye gave back Quebec to the French Monarchy, it was the beginning of a time made illustrious by the deeds of De la Tour and of Frontenac, known to this day as "the old lion of Canada." The pathetic expulsion of the people of Acadie was destined to have its counterpart when, after the Treaty of Versailles, the American Loyalists followed the flag across the border for the sake of an allegiance which had cost them all they possessed. Finally, no Canadian will forget the repulse of the invasion during the campaign of 1812, or the glorious field upon which Brock fell in the hour of his victory.

These are memories well calculated to keep alive the fire of patriotism, and to feed a full and rich national life. Yet it was left for the engineer to complete what generations of soldiers and administrators had failed to accomplish. It was the Transcontinental Railway which first awakened a national consciousness in Canada, and the sense of the nation's unity. In the few years since that great achievement, the Canadian Pacific Railway has worked this wonder—the creation of a single people out of the inhabitants of six separated provinces. The thought of the memories that lie behind in the past has strangely quickened the process, and no better evidence of the intensity of the feeling that Canada now stands for one of the free peoples of the earth could be desired than the volume before us. The passion of patriotism which vibrates through its pages has a certain quality of separateness which is directly born of the fact that here we have a nation young in years and old in traditions, a new people now consciously entering upon an ancient heritage of glory and romance.

The author is proud of all the men who have fought for the great prize of Canada, and is as ready to render justice to Champlain and Frontenac as to Wolfe or Sir Guy Carleton. However else they differed, the leading figures in the history of Canada are united in their common desire to serve her, and to be associated with her; and that suffices. With the element of partisanship quite banished from his pages Mr. Roberts tells his story quietly and lucidly, and in a way that does full justice to his theme: the travail and the birth of the Dominion. Incidentally we may note that the evidence accumulated in these pages of the constant employment of Indian allies on both sides during generations of war between England and France serves to diminish somewhat the horror of repentance with which we recall our forefathers' use of similar methods against their fellow countrymen a few years later.

BRIEFER MENTION.

Prince Patrick: a Fairy Tale. By Arnold Graves. (Downey & Co.)

THERE is a splendid eagle adventure in this fairy tale. Prince Patrick was ordered to prove his birth before he could be chosen tanist (heir to the throne) of Kerry; for he had been stolen from his cradle. So he went forth alone to find his foster-father, Teague, the flait (head man) of the village of Ballysallagh. On his way he became tired and weak, and a great eagle seized him, and flew with him to her nest, which was full of pecking, gawky eaglets; and away again to bid her husband to the feast. But when the eagles returned Patrick was not so much a meal as a prince, and he hurled his spear at the nearest bird. All bleeding, the eagle shot up into the "blue ether," clutching Patrick, who still held his spear. Then Patrick drove the weapon upward into the eagle's breast; and, the next moment, he was falling—alone—to the rocks.

"The poor boy felt that now his last moment had come, so, muttering a prayer, he shut his eyes and prepared for death. But just as a gorged gull will drop its prey, and another, swooping earthwards, will catch it in mid-air, so the still living eagle swooped after the falling Patrick, and just as he was within fifty feet of the rocks caught him in its talons and flew with him towards the lake. Then, hovering over the black waters, the angry bird began to strike at him with its beak. Poor Patrick had little strength or sense left, but still he clutched his sword. And thus it was that the eagle, striking at him, struck the sword; and the highly tempered blade, passing through its eye, entered its brain; and Patrick fell from its nerveless grasp into the deep waters of the lake beneath."

What he then did, let Irish boys, and others, find out for themselves. It is a bright, brave story, with the sea in it; and the Princess—ah, the Princess!—but we do not think that Mr. Graves should have made Patrick "bold with wine" when he kissed her for the first time. Surely love makes boys bold and girls willing.

The Book of Glasgow Cathedral. Edited by George Eyre Todd. (Morison Brothers.)

THIS nobly produced quarto volume is suitably named "the book of Glasgow Cathedral," for it is a compound of history, description, catalogues, &c., and is the work of several writers. Saint Kentigern was Bishop of Glasgow in the years 543 to 603; and he died in such a blaze of heavenly splendour—an angel appearing at his bedside—that his attendants were afraid. So shines Kentigern, and shines alone; for his successors are nameless until 1115, when John Acharius was appointed to the see by Prince David of Cumbria, afterwards King David I. Acharius began the Cathedral; his successors completed it. The administration of the Catholic bishops is fully treated by the editor; and the architectural history of the cathedral is related by Mr. John Honeyman. In the middle of the book we

have the story of Knox's hurricane movement, the signing of the Articles of the Congregation, the overturn of the bishopric, the destruction of the thirty-two altars of the cathedral, and the flight of Archbishop Beaton to France with the plate, the vestures, and the book. He never returned; the treasures were never seen again in Scotland. But that wave of prejudice and later waves are spent; and to-day Glasgow's cathedral is a shrine in which her worthiest citizens sleep, or are perpetuated by monuments and stained-glass windows. These windows and monuments are described by Mr. Stephen Adam and the Rev. P. M'Adam Muir in separate chapters. An historical chapter on the old castle of the bishops—which survives only in the name of Castle-street—a catalogue of bishops, archbishops, and ministers, and a description of the ancient thirty-two altars, are among the other contents of this comprehensive and dignified work. Four photogravures, and many "process" and line illustrations are mingled with the text.

Records of Old Times. By J. K. Fowler. (Chatto & Windus.)

THOSE who have read either of Mr. Fowler's previous books will rejoice to find that he is still spared to us and in his "anecdote." In the present volume he has given a more antiquarian turn than usual to many of his subjects—which, of course, relate mainly to Bucks and especially Aylesbury—but we must confess we prefer his own reminiscences to dry bones from Leland or Fuller. Many good stories are to be found in his latest book, much information on social and agricultural topics during the century, and (what lends a peculiar charm to its perusal) there is not a single word or anecdote from beginning to end likely to give pain to the most sensitive. Mr. Fowler is nothing if he be not optimistic, and pleasantly leads his reader onwards through politics, steeple-chasing and hunting, to the end of his book, where occurs the apotheosis of English agriculture. "Let us do our best for this ennobling science," he sums up,

"and we may then see the exodus of the labourer from the country arrested, and the fearless, industrious, and grateful countryman will again rally round the country parson, the country gentleman, and the British farmer; while the village tradesman and mechanic will become once more prosperous and happy, and continue to be, as they were in old times, the backbone of old England."

It is a gorgeous vision, a Tory paradise, resembles the conclusion of many speeches on Ireland's future happiness under Home Rule.

Whatever may be said of the morality of the racecourse at present, there is no doubt that it stands infinitely higher than it did in the days of our fathers, when the scandal of Running Rein and Leander in the Derby took place. Such a conspiracy would not be now for a moment tolerated, or even devised. Mr. Fowler tells the story again. The history of the once renowned Aylesbury Steeplechase is much better

worth recounting with the humours of the Oxonian undergraduates who naturally frequented it. The beauty of the Vale of Aylesbury as a hunting country leads to some pleasant hunting gossip. The repetitions in the book (of which there are several) are easily condoned, and if in one place Mr. Fowler ascribes the foundation of Eton to Henry III., in another chapter the "distant spires,"

"Where grateful science still adores,
Her Henry's holy shade,"

are ascribed to the proper king. Perhaps the best chapter in this book treats of old inns and the manner in which they were connected with the coaches and post-horse business. Modern travel in the express has entirely lost the leisurely picturesqueness which marked our fathers' mode of journeying, and reminiscences of what may be called the Dickens style of travelling are always welcomed.

More careful editing would have improved the book. There are several English solecisms, so that we can the less wonder at the usual Latin misquotation, "Tempora mutantur et nos mutamur." "Fontalia" for "fontinalia" is also venial. Again, the old-fashioned brown pheasants are not "nearly given up" by breeders, but are almost extinct; having been exterminated by the numerous breeds which have been introduced from Japan, and by the Siberian pheasant. These have frequently left a white ring on their off-springs' necks.

The Franks. By Lewis Sergeant. ("The Story of the Nations" Series.) (T. Fisher Unwin.)

In the complex amalgam which goes to the making of the nations of modern Europe, many another race or nation is lost to the view of all but the historian. Of all the races which went to the building up of the France and Germany of to-day none was more important than the Franks, who ran their meteor-like course in the dying days of the Roman Empire and then disappeared as suddenly as they arose, leaving, however, an ineffaceable mark on the face of the Europe of their own and modern time. Their history lies buried in the colossal work of Gibbon, which nowadays is more often quoted than read, and so Mr. Lewis Sergeant has done us a service in writing this monograph.

The Franks were first mentioned about 260 A.D. and were probably the descendants of Cæsar's Sigumbrians with a Roman nickname. At first, these German tribes were held in check, but when aliens became Emperors of Rome they broke the frontier, and for the next two hundred years continually fought with the legions. The first important appearance of the Franks in history is when, under Merowig, they fought in the army of Aëtius against Attila at Chalons in 451. Thirty years later Merowig's grandson, Clovis, established the Frankish monarchy in Gaul, and then for four hundred years his descendants ruled

over the nation, the height of power being reached in the reign of Charlemagne, who in 800 A.D. was crowned Emperor of the Romans by Pope Leo III. before the high altar of St. Peter's. It was a great proof of the eternal vitality of Rome that the descendants of the men who fought in the van of Teutonism against the Cæsars, were in 800 the undisputed masters of Gaul and Italy, while their chieftain had no higher ambition than to call himself Roman Emperor and to identify himself and his followers with the Latin Empire which they had replaced. It was their turn now to represent law and learning and to endeavour to stay the flood which was pouring in from the north. When Charlemagne died his empire fell to pieces under the hands of his incapable successors, and soon the Frankish nation disappeared and became merged in the modern nations of France and Germany. The story of the Franks is really a side issue of the decline and fall of the Roman Empire, and would have been more lucid had it been told with greater brevity and conciseness. An abundance of detail occasionally obscures the scanty history of the Franks, but, on the whole, Mr. Lewis Sergeant has done his work well.

Dr. W. Moon and his Work for the Blind. By John Rutherford. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

It has been given to few men to confer such lasting benefit on so large a section of society as has been accomplished by Dr. William Moon in the invention and application of his embossed type for the blind. Various systems were in use long before his time. He himself writes, in 1873: "More than three centuries have elapsed since the first attempt was made to provide means by which the blind could read; and it is about ninety years since books were first printed for them." But the learning of all previous types was attended with great difficulty. Dr. Moon, who himself became blind at the age of twenty-one, and whose infirmity, instead of depressing and stultifying his naturally strong mental faculties, seemed rather to quicken them, turned his attention to the best means of helping the blind, with the eager sympathy born of fellow feeling. He formed classes for teaching, and it was in thus teaching that he learned the need of a simpler form of type. "The difficulties which I experienced in teaching my pupils led me to devise the easier plan before referred to, and by it a lad who had in vain for five years endeavoured to learn by the other system, could in ten days read easy sentences." He, with the co-operation of Miss Graham, began "Home Teaching for the Blind," and the society so started has been an incalculable blessing to the afflicted poor. The new system made rapid progress, and the number of languages to which Dr. Moon ultimately adapted his alphabet was four hundred and seventy-six. Dr. Moon died in 1894, in his seventy-sixth year, leaving the testimony, that "God gave me blindness as a talent to be used for His glory. Without blindness I should never have been able to see the needs of the blind."

THE ACADEMY SUPPLEMENT.

SATURDAY, MAY 14, 1898.

THE NEWEST FICTION.

A GUIDE FOR NOVEL READERS.

THE GIRL AT COBURG.

BY FRANK R. STOCKTON.

There is a blessed certainty of humour and well-drawn character in any story by Mr. Stockton. Here he turns from the romantic-scientific vein of *The Great Stone of Sardis* to quietness and domesticity. We have a pair of lovers, a delightfully original match-making old maid, and a doctor and his wife, whose conjugal relations make good reading. (Cassell & Co. 408 pp. 6s.)

SOWING THE SAND.

BY FLORENCE HENNIKER.

A clever story, by the author of *In Scarlet and Grey*, showing how Charley Crespin, the son of a rich manufacturer, would not be restrained from entering the Army—whither he took the adoring good wishes of his sister, Mildred (the heroine), and of his parents. How Charley fell into the hands of the “notorious Mrs. Eden,” and returned home with a suicidal wound on his temple, to patch up his life and live in rather inglorious comfort and respectability, is the main story. (Harper & Brothers. 231 pp. 3s. 6d.)

THE CONCERT-DIRECTOR.

BY NELLIE K. BLISSETT.

A strong story, showing how an *impressario* bribed a Greek Jew to bring back his *prima donna*, the Princess Tarasca, who, on the death of her husband, had resolved to enter a convent. The Jew's plan is to marry the widow first. (Macmillan & Co. 307 pp. 6s.)

SONS OF ADVERSITY.

BY L. COPE CORNFORD.

A romance of Elizabethan days, mainly concerned with the defence of Leyden against the Spanish. The clash of steel alternates with the words of lovers—and all is brave. “See you these candlesticks, shipmate,” says one; “once they graced the cabin of the *San Rafael*, of Coruña; now, you see, they light poor British seamen to their liquor. Which thing, comrade, is an allegory.” It is before the Armada! (Methuen & Co. 309 pp. 6s.)

REGINA; OR, THE
SINS OF THE FATHERS.

BY HERMANN SUDERMANN.

A powerful and very deliberate tragedy; the scene laid in East Prussia; the time, the breathing space of Napoleon's imprisonment in Elba. The lines upon which the drama is built are precisely those suggested by the English title; Regina is one victim, and there is another. “The Cats' Bridge”—a secret pass by which the German force was treacherously surprised—gives its name to the German version of the novel. Miss Beatrice Marshall—a daughter of the well-known writer of stories for young people—is the translator, and on the whole Herr Sudermann may consider himself fortunate. (John Lane. 347 pp. 6s.)

A PHILOSOPHER'S ROMANCE.

BY JOHN BERWICK.

The philosopher, who writes in the first person, is a professional letter-writer in the little Italian town of Soloporto on the Canale Grande. We move among wherry and felucca folk, Dalmatian coasters and Sicilian craft, fruit barges and quayside *cafés*. The philosopher adjusts and conducts many romances, but himself achieves only the happiness of leaving life's turmoil behind him and chewing “the bitter-sweet herb of experience.” (Macmillan & Co. 265 pp. 6s.)

FOR THE SAKE OF THE FAMILY,
AND OTHER STORIES.

BY ANNIE S. SWAN,
AND OTHERS.

The family will enjoy them, we have no doubt. (Hodder & Stoughton. 1s.)

THE ST. CADIX CASE.

BY ESTHER MILLER.

A Cornish story in which love runs to marriage through the rough experience of a murder trial. The heroine, thrown suddenly by the death of her father among rough-mannered relatives, is wooed and married almost forcibly by her cousin, Jim Hendra, who is murdered on the day he marries her. By the way, we are not aware that a judge, when passing sentence on a murderer, says, “Till you be dead—dead—dead.” He is usually satisfied that the criminal should be dead once. (A. D. Innes & Co. 376 pp. 6s.)

LIFE'S WHEEL.

BY LOLA MORLEY.

A long novel, full of novelette sentiments and incidents. The hero is Lord Roy Alderleigh, and we are not permitted to forget it. “Lord Roy Alderleigh came down to breakfast . . . For a moment Lord Roy Alderleigh stood in silence . . . Lord Roy Alderleigh glanced up quickly.” And there are mysteries, and birth-marks, and detectives forestalled by death, and many other things before Lord Roy, “handsome and strong, with the deep love-light still in his eyes,” rose in his carriage to thank the tenantry for their reception of himself and the duchess at the old manor. (Digby Long & Co. 308 pp. 6s.)

WHERE THREE CREEKS MEET.

BY J. CAMPBELL OMAN.

This is a story, partaking of the nature of a series of sketches, of modern Indian village life. The rivalries of Hindoo and Mussulman supply much of the groundwork of the plot. There is a strong love-story, and Mr. Oman makes the village of Mozung and its affairs—even the games of its children on the *maiddān*—very real. (Grant Richards. 224 pp. 6s.)

THE LAST LEMURIAN.

BY G. FIRTH SCOTT.

A West Australian romance. The Lemurian figures as a gigantic Yellow Queen, who stalks the night mourning the death of her mate—the bunyip—“monarch of all pools and waters . . . and the chosen of the reptiles . . . who comes but once in the lifetime of a moon to view the world.” The juxtaposition of repeating rifles and phantasmal game of the “bunyip” order should be effective—with boys. (James Bowden. 339 pp. 3s. 6d.)

ENTANGLEMENTS.

BY FRANCIS PREVOST.

Mr. Prevost is a conscientious artist. He showed himself that in *False Dawn* and *Rust of Gold*; he does so again in these five short stories. The first is a love-story, in which a chivalrous girl holds a revolver at the head of the man who she believes has wronged her girl friend. The dialogue during this bad quarter of an hour is the story, and it is a firm piece of work with the right upshot—revolver upshot and matrimonial. (Service & Paton. 204 pp. 3s. 6d.)

AN ANGEL OF PITY.

BY FLORENCE MARRYAT.

Miss Marryat's eighteenth (we think it is her eighteenth) novel is written to expose vivisection and the experimental treatment of dying patients in our hospitals. In an Author's Note we are bidden to send for certain pamphlets which will confirm Miss Marryat's testimony. The heroine is a sympathetic and observant nurse with a knowledge of medicine. (Hutchinson & Co. 366 pp. 6s.)

HER LADYSHIP'S ELEPHANT.

BY DAVID DWIGHT WELLS.

A farcical little story of several men and women who, by railway and other indiscretions, become seriously misassorted. Also of an elephant who wandered promiscuously in the grounds of an English country house, and of what he thought and did there. The story is, perhaps, hardly so overpoweringly mirthful as the ingenious chapter-headings might give you to understand, but it is funny in spots. (Heinemann. 259 pp. 3s. 6d.)

OF NECESSITY.

BY H. M. GILBERT.

Ialington, Camberwell, Kennington, Brixton; upholsterers, journeymen jewellers, law-writers; the decivilised cockney host at home. Stories, these, of mean dissipation and strong selfishness on the one hand; on the other, of impotent prayers and lachrymose remonstrance. A world in which evil is a positive essence, good a mere negation. Ugly enough and heartily depressing in its result, the work seems seriously and conscientiously done. (John Lane. 276 pp. 3s. 6d.)

REUBEN DEAN.

BY WILLIAM LESLIE LOW.

We should call this a boy's story. Reuben Dean as boy lover-soldier dominates the book. In fact, every illustration is entitled simply "Reuben Dean," with a reference to a page of the text. The fighting is done on the Indian frontier. (Oliphant, Anderson & Ferrier. 304 pp. 3s. 6d.)

A WOMAN'S PRIVILEGE.

BY MARGUERITE BRYANT.

A story of a young lady who acted and of several men, to some of whom she was more or less betrothed, and of a quarter of a million, and of a father fraudulently routed out of a captivity of eighteen years to enter into the inheritance. It may sound tangled, but in that it does no injustice to the story. The confusion seems to be confounded with some dexterity. (A. D. Innes. 424 pp.—no less. 6s.)

GLADLY, MOST GLADLY.

BY NONNA BRIGHT.

A collection of short stories, appropriate to the bookshelves of the convent school. They are rather pretty ones. (Burns & Oates. 208 pp.)

REVIEWS.

The Open Boat; and other Stories. By Stephen Crane.
(Heinemann.)

HERE is Mr. Crane again: this time with a volume made up out of odds and ends; excellent odds, laudable ends. He is the same Mr. Crane we know: when he is objective a cinematograph, astonishing in spite of the drawbacks incidental to a machine in the process of evolution; when he is in the subjective realm, where as often as not he delights to be, the analytical chemist of the subconscious and the occasional betrayer of the night side of heroism. In this capacity it is his function to tell us what a man thinks when he thinks he is thinking of nothing, or of something else. And this is a task of singular difficulty, because, in order successfully to perform it, the observer, having but one subject to experiment upon—himself—has first of all to set himself thinking vacuity and then to think how he thinks it; and this demands a clear head. To exemplify Mr. Crane, first, in his objective mood, here is an occasional interlude:

"The kids said: 'Well, so long, old man.' They went to a table and sat down. They ordered a salad. They were always ordering salads. This was because one kid had a wild passion for salads and the other didn't care. So at any hour of the day they might be seen ordering a salad. When this one came they went into a sort of consultation session. It was a very long consultation. Men noted it. Occasionally the kids laughed in supreme enjoyment of something unknown. The low rumble of wheels came from the streets. Often could be heard the parrot-like cries of distant vendors. The sunlight streamed through the green curtains, and made little amber-coloured flitterings on the marble floor. High up among the severe decorations of the ceiling—reminiscent of the days when the great building was a palace—a small white butterfly was wending through the cool air spaces. The long billiard hall led back to a vague gloom. The balls were always clicking, and one could see countless crooked elbows."

From *The Open Boat* comes the following example of the author in his capacity of analyst of the subconscious; and it is fair to premise that, standing alone, it gives but a faint notion of the curious and convincing scrutiny to which, through some forty pages, the minds of the crew are subjected:

"If I am going to be drowned—if I am going to be drowned—if I am going to be drowned, why, in the name of the seven mad gods who rule the sea, was I allowed to come thus far and contemplate sand and trees?"

To chime in with the notes of his emotion, a verse mysteriously entered the correspondent's head. He had even forgotten that he had forgotten this verse, but it suddenly was in his mind:

'A soldier of the Legion lay dying in Algiers,
There was lack of women's nursing, there was dearth of women's tears;
But a comrade stood beside him, and he took that comrade's hand,
And he said: "I shall never see my own, my native land."

In his childhood the correspondent had been made acquainted with the fact that a soldier of the Legion lay dying in Algiers, but he had never regarded the fact as important.

Now, however, it quaintly came to him as a human, living thing. It was no longer merely a picture of a few throes in the breast of a poet, meanwhile drinking tea and warming his feet at the grate; it was an actuality—stern, sorrowful, and fine.

The correspondent plainly saw the soldier. He lay out, straight and still, while his pale left hand was upon his chest in an attempt to thwart the going of his life; the blood came between his fingers. In the far Algerian distance a city of low, square forms was set against a sky that was faint with the last sunset hues. The correspondent, plying the oars and dreaming of the slow and slower movements of the lips of the soldier, was moved by a profound and perfectly impersonal comprehension. He was sorry for the soldier of the Legion who lay dying at Algiers."

There is Mr. Crane's most personal note. It may or may not be great art, but we jump to a recognition of it as an expression of truth. And no one has done the thing just that way before. Therefore, one may say of him what can be said of but few of the men and women who write prose fiction: that he is not superfluous.

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Between Sun and Sand. By William Charles Scully.
(Methuen.)

WEARIED of drawing-room analytics and the problems of civilisation, you may breathe refreshment from the open-air outdoor life and simple emotions with which Mr. Scully deals. The opening of *Between Sun and Sand* is, perhaps, a little too minutely descriptive of South African fauna and flora; but that is a natural and excusable failing when the setting of the story is so little known to the Mudie subscriber. The manners portrayed are primitive, the characters, with rare exceptions, unpleasing, and the scenery monotonous. Yet the book holds you by its free movement, and the large simplicity of its design. *Between Sun and Sand* is the substantial story: "Noquala's Cattle," a description of the rinderpest, forms a not uninteresting make-weight. The Trek-Boers are the nomadic Dutch inhabitants of Bushmanland, a tract of arid country lying south of the Orange River. Their wealth lies in their flocks and herds, and they wander from place to place on the track of the storms which yield scanty and all-precious water. According to Mr. Scully, the Trek-Boer is not an attractive gentleman, being incredibly ignorant, untruthful, lazy, dirty, and cunning. His virtues consist in his hospitality and his trustfulness when once his confidence has been bestowed. He lives in a mat house which can be packed up in five minutes, and owns a waggon in which to follow the spring-buck, the annual harvest of which supplies his meat for the year. Susannah was a good-looking she Trek-Boer and had a Jewish lover, Max Steinmetz, who kept a general shop in the village of Namies. These two supply the small spice of love-making in the story, which is more concerned with the equally primitive pursuits of hunting and murdering, varied by a little civilised money-grubbing on the part of the Jews. A pathetic and picturesque figure is the Hottentot, Gert Gemsbok, cruelly kicked to death by a Boer at the instigation of Max's brother, Nathan Steinmetz.

"This Hottentot was an artist carrying in his heart a spark of that quality which we call genius, and which might be called the flower that bears the pollen which fertilises the human mind, and without which the soul of man would not exist, nor would his understanding have sought for aught beyond the satisfaction of his material senses. Gert Gemsbok was a musician. His instrument was of a kind which is in more or less common use among the Hottentots, and which is known as a 'ramkee.' The ramkee is very like a banjo rudely constructed. In the hands of a skilful player its tones may be pleasing to the ear. One peculiarity of the performance is that a great deal of the fingering—if one may use the

term—is done with the chin. There are usually four strings, but some instruments contain as many as seven.

In Gert Gemsbok's ramkee the drum was made from a cross section of an ebony log, which had been hollowed out with infinite labour until only a thin cylinder of hard, sonorous wood was left. Across this was stretched the skin of an antelope, and inside were several layers of gum—this for the sake of enriching the tone. The bridge was the breastbone of a wild goose. The strings were made of the sinews of a number of wild animals, selected after a long series of experiments as to their respective suitability to the different parts of the gamut."

Between Sun and Sand can be recommended to anyone who appreciates the art of a well-written, vigorous narrative, and whose tongue or imagination can get round such names as Schalk Haltingh, Zingelagahle, and "gqira."

* * * *

His Grace o' the Gunne. By J. Hooper.
(Adam and Charles Black.)

His Grace o' the Gunne carries us back to the days when highway robbery was considered a not wholly unsatisfactory career for improvident younger sons. The hero of this story of 1664 claims gentle blood from the father whom he never knew, and to whose name he has no right. His mother sells him at the age of five to be trained as a thief. Fortune has so far favoured him as to endow him with a handsome face and a bold and daring character, combined with a gentlemanly bearing which fits him for the higher branches of his profession. For these reasons he is chosen as a tool by my Lord Lulworth, whose intentions are thus described:

"Look you, Kirke," said Flemming; "this noble gentleman is my Lord Lulworth. His lordship hath a young cousin left in his ward, a lad of some six or seven years. The child is very sickly, and my lord would send him a tutor."

He paused. I stared at him in great surprise.

"The young gentleman is the son of my lord's uncle, on the mother's side, and he will succeed to fair estates in the West. But if the poor babe should not live, then faith! the estates would come unto my lord."

He looked at me and smiled.

"And my lord would have a tutor to care for the young gentleman," I said, "so that learning may preserve his life?"

"Aye," answered Flemming, "or end it."

"Speak plainly, Dickon," said my lord. "This knave will not need nice dealing. Fellow, this child is a cripple, and is like to be sickly all his life, be it long or short. A pure young soul is better in heaven. By God's grace, I purpose to send it there. He is in the care of his mother's schoolmate, Madam Catherine Challoner, of Pyne. I propose to send you thither as a young gentleman of good family, but poor estate, who purposeth to be a parson. When there you shall have your orders. Carry them out well, and you shall have a hundred pounds; bungle, and you shall swing."

"My lord," said I pridefully, "I do not bungle at my trade."

With this commission Lurlin Kirke sets forth. How he is transformed by love is shown in the working out of the story, which is well told and full of excitement.

* * * *

Against the Tide. By Mary Angela Dickens.
(Hutchinson & Co.)

A CHILD'S passionate, undisciplined love for her twin brother, the brother's preference for his elder and less emotional sister, and the jealousy roused by such conditions, form the groundwork of this tragic story. The tale opens on the eve of the elder sister's marriage. Accident leads to the child overhearing a conversation between the bridegroom-elect and his best man, from which she learns that there is urgent reason why the marriage should not take place. At the time she is racked with jealousy of her sister, convinced that it is only her presence that makes her brother so indifferent to her, and longing for the marriage that shall leave her in full possession of her brother. She is aware that she ought to make known what she has heard, but the bitter jealousy will not let her speak. The marriage takes place, and for eight years all seems to go well; but at the end of that period the married couple, who have hitherto lived abroad, the husband holding a diplomatic appointment, return home, and the child, grown into a woman of disciplined character, the heroine of the book, finds herself, as the outcome of her childish jealousy, involved, together with those she loves, in a whirl of troubles, becoming more and more tragic as the story develops.

The characters are portrayed with a firm touch and are convincing, and the story is one that arrests and holds the attention. The harsher features of the book are softened by the love story of blind David Frere and the heroine, Hilary Cheslyn, though the circumstances under which it is developed and the incidents that threaten to destroy it are of the most sombre character. There is more than a slight touch of melodrama in the book, but it is eminently readable.

A SHEAF OF MAXIMS.

UNDER the title *Leaders in Literature* (Oliphant, Anderson, & Ferrier), Mr. P. Wilson—a writer whose name is new to us—has put forth nine lively essays on Emerson, Carlyle, Lowell, George Eliot, Mrs. Browning, Robert Browning, Matthew Arnold, Herbert Spencer, and John Ruskin. Mr. Wilson's style is easy and colloquial, and his matter, if not particularly illuminative, is at least sincere. One of the features of his book is the collection of maxims or aphorisms from the writings of Emerson, Lowell, George Eliot, and Ruskin.

EMERSON.

"Emerson's sayings," says Mr. Wilson, "are like bits of broken glass. His style has been called 'a difficult staccato.' He is nothing if not epigrammatic; he is oracular, and is so purposely. Let the following suffice as illustrating his tendency to epigram":

Everyone can do his best things easiest.

Right Ethics are central, and go from the soul outwards.

We must not be sacks and stomachs.

Life is a tutor.

Great is Drill.

Hitch your waggon to a star.

Difference from me is the measure of absurdity.

Every hero becomes a bore at last.

You are you, and I am I, and so we remain.

Plato is philosophy, and philosophy is Plato.

All things are double, one against another.

The Devil is an ass.

LOWELL.

"Many of Lowell's utterances are proverbial, full of uncommon common sense. Here are a few proverbs, picked out of his writings":

One learns more Metaphysics from a single temptation than from all the Philosophers.

It needs good optics to see what is not to be seen.

All Deacons are good, but there's odds in Deacons.

To be misty is not to be a mystic.

Clerical unction in a vulgar nature easily degenerates into greasiness.

The world never neglects a man's power, but his weaknesses, and especially his publishing them.

Real sorrows are uncomfortable things, but purely aesthetic ones are by no means uncomfortable.

Truth is the only unrepealable thing.

Treason against the ballot-box is as dangerous as treason against a throne.

The foolish and the dead alone never change their opinion.

The only argument with an east wind is to put on your overcoat.

It is cheaper in the long run to lift men up than to hold them down.

Don't never prophesy unless you know.

That is best blood that hath most iron in it.

A world, made for whatever else, not made for mere enjoyment.

Nothing pays but God.

GEORGE ELIOT.

From George Eliot's works Mr. Wilson quotes rather oddly:

A woman's hopes are woven of sunbeams; a shadow annihilates them. Miss Jermyn is vulgarity personified, with large feet, and the most odious scent on her handkerchief, and a bonnet that looks like the fashion printed in capital letters.

Esther went to meet Felix in prison; they looked straight into each other's eyes, as angels do when they tell the truth.

I like to differ from everybody; I think it is so stupid to agree.

He was short—just above my shoulder—but he tried to make himself tall by turning up his moustache and keeping his beard long.

You let the Bible alone; you have got a jest-book, haven't you, as you read, and are proud on—keep your dirty fingers to that.

To hear some preachers, you'd think that a man must be doing nothing all's life but shutting's eyes and looking what's a-going on inside him. I know a man must have the love of God in his soul, and the Bible's God's word, but what does the Bible say? It says that God put His sperrit into the workman as built the tabernacle, to make all the carved work, and things as wanted a nice hand: this is my way of looking at it. There's the sperrit of God, in all things and all times, week-day as well as Sunday, and in the great works and inventions, and i' the figuring and mechanics.

I'll stick up for the pretty woman preachers; I know they'd persuade me a deal sooner than ugly men.

I am afraid the drink helped the brook to drown him.

Two things cannot be hidden—love and a cough.

If I am not as wise as the three kings, I know how many legs go into one boot.

Savonarola tells the people that God will not have silver crucifixes and starving stomachs.

If you want to step into a round hole, you must make a ball of yourself.

As Voltaire said, "Incantations will destroy a flock of sheep if administered with a certain quantity of arsenic."

Upon my word, I think the truth is the hardest missile one can be pelted with.

Men do not want books to make them think lightly of vice, as if life were a vulgar joke.

JOHN RUSKIN.

Of Ruskin's epigrams Mr. Wilson gives the following specimens:

The most beautiful things in the world are the most useless—peacocks and lilies, for instance.

There is material enough in a single flower for the ornamenting of a score of cathedrals.

To be baptized with fire, or to be cast into it, is the choice set before all men.

I believe that stars and boughs and leaves and bright colours are everlasting lovely.

I do not wonder at what men suffer, but I wonder at what they lose. Nothing must come between Nature and the artist's sight.

Nothing must come between God and the artist's soul.

To paint water is like trying to paint a soul.

To live is nothing, unless to live be to know Him by whom we live.

No royal road to anywhere worth going to.

To see clearly is Poetry, Prophecy, and Religion.

The sky is not blue colour only; it is blue fire, and cannot be painted.

When you have got too much to do, don't do it.

Women and clergy are in the habit of using pretty words without understanding them.

If you can paint a leaf you can paint the world.

Anybody who makes Religion a second object makes Religion no object.

He who offers God a second place, offers Him no place.

GLADSTONE AND THE "DREAM OF GERONTIUS."

MR. J. B. GREENWOOD sends the following letter to the *Manchester Guardian*:

I make no apology for transcribing Mr. Gladstone's acknowledgment of the copy of Newman's "Dream of Gerontius" sent to him by Mr. Lawrence Dillon, of our Reference Library—to whom General Gordon's sister sent a *facsimile* of the scored copy inscribed to "Frank Power, with kindest regards of C. G. Gordon, 18 February, '84," as set forth in Mr. C. W. Sutton's letter, which appeared in your columns September 11, 1888. I have Mr. Dillon's sanction for giving publicity to this letter:

"Dear Sir,—In the interim you describe I must thank you for the 'Dream of Gerontius.' I rejoice to see on it, 'Twenty-fourth edition.' It originally came into the world in grave-clothes, swaddled, that is to say, in the folds of the anonymous, but it has now fairly burst them, and will, I hope, take and hold its place in the literature of the world.—Your very faithful and obt.,
"6, 29, 88." (Signed) "W. E. GLADSTONE.

The scored copy referred to above was forwarded by poor Frank Power, the *Times* correspondent, who very shortly afterwards was murdered, to his sister in Dublin, with these words:—"DEAREST M.—I send you this little book which General Gordon has given

me. The pencil-marking throughout is his.—FRANK POWER, Khartoum." This tiny, well-thumbed 12mo copy Miss Power forwarded to Cardinal Newman, who replied: "Your letter and its contents took away my breath. I was deeply moved to find that a book of mine had been in General Gordon's hands, and that, the description of a soul preparing for death. I send it back to you with my heartfelt thanks, by this post, in a registered cover. It is additionally precious as having Mr. Power's writing in it." The deep incisive pencil marks drawn under certain lines, almost all of which refer to death, and cry for the prayers of friends, are touching in the extreme. "Pray for me, O my friends!" "Tis death, O loving friends, your prayers—tis he." "So pray for me, my friends, who have not strength to pray!" "Use well the interval!" "Now that the hour is come, my fear is fled." The last words underlined before he gave the book to young Power are these:

"Farewell, but not for ever, brother dear;
Be brave and patient on thy bed of sorrow!"

THE CHILD'S GUIDE TO LITERATURE.

Q. Who is this Omar, anyhow?

A. Omar was a Persian.

Q. Yes?

A. A philosopher and a poet, and a tent-maker, and an astronomer.

Q. When?

A. At about the time that William II. and Henry I. were reigning here.

Q. And what did he write?

A. He wrote rubaiyat.

Q. Ru—?

A. Rubaiyat—stanzas. A "rubai" is a stanza.

Q. What are they about?

A. Oh, love and paganism, and roses and wine.

Q. How jolly! But isn't some of it rather steep?

A. Well, it's Persian, you see.

Q. And these Omarians, as members of the Omar Club call themselves; I suppose they go in for love and paganism and roses and wine too?

A. A little; as much as their wives will let them.

Q. Wives?

A. Yes; they're mostly married. You see, Omar serves as an excuse for meeting more than anything else.

Q. But they know Persian, of course?

A. No; they use translations.

Q. Are there many translations?

A. Heaps. A new one every day.

Q. Which is the best, the most O. K.

A. Fitzgerald's is the most poetical. But John Payne's, just published by the Villon Society, is completest. And you can also have Whinfield's, and McCarthy's, and Heron-Alen's, and—

Q. No; I don't want them all. I think I'll join the fashion, and make a version for myself.

A. It will give the Club fits.

Q. Fitz?—They ought to like that.

A. No; they'll bar you evermore.

Q. All right, then, I'll stop where I am. So long as the mater's as decent with coin as she now is, I'll have an Owe Ma Club of my own. To change the subject, I see that the definitive edition of Byron is coming out.

A. Yes.

Q. Does that mean the last?

A. It ought to.

Q. And is it complete?

A. Quite.

Q. But will that do? Wasn't he awfully improper?

A. He was—once.

Q. Not now?

A. Oh, no, we don't mind Byron now.

Q. But how about Don Juan in the harem, and Catherine of Russia, and the Duchess of Fitz Fulke, and—?

A. Here, I say, you oughtn't to know all that.

Q. And—?

A. S-h-h-h-h!

From "Books of To-day." Edited by Arthur Penderys.

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Occasional contributors are recommended to have their MS. type-written.

All business letters regarding the supply of the paper, &c., should be addressed to the PUBLISHER.

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NOTES AND NEWS.

IN the preface to the new volume of Mr. Murray's edition of Byron, the editor, Mr. Rowland E. Prothero, pays the following generous tribute to the editor of the rival edition :

"No one can regret more sincerely than myself—no one has more cause to regret—the circumstances which placed this wealth of new material in my hands rather than in those of the true poet and brilliant critic, who, to enthusiasm for Byron, and wide acquaintance with the literature and social life of the day, adds the rarer gift of giving life and significance to bygone events or trivial details by unconsciously interesting his readers in his own living personality."

MRS. HUMPHRY WARD'S new novel will be published by Messrs. Smith, Elder & Co. on June 10. *Helbeck of Bannisdale* has been fixed upon for the title of the story, which deals partly with social Catholic life in the north of England.

MR. MEREDITH'S Selected Poems appear this week while their author is making one of his rare visits to London. Messrs. Archibald Constable & Co. have contrived a pretty little pocket-book of the collection in brown paper covers with parchment backing. As the selection has been made under the supervision of the author, Meredithians may care to see a list of the contents :

Woodland Peace. The Lark Ascending. The Orchard and the Heath. Seed-time. Outer and Inner. Wind on the Lyre. Dirge in Woods. Change in Recurrence. Hard Weather. The South-Wester. The Thrush in February. Tardy Spring. Breath of the Briar. Young Reynard. Love in the Valley. Marian. Hymn to Colour. Mother to Babe. Night of Frost in May. Whimper of Sympathy. A Ballad of Past Meridian. Phoebe with

Admetus. Melampus. The Appeasement of Demeter. The Day of the Daughter of Hades. The Young Princess. The Song of Theodolinda. The Nuptials of Attila. Penetration and Trust. Lucifer in Starlight. The Star Sirius. The Spirit of Shakespeare. The Spirit of Shakespeare (*continued*). The World's Advance. Earth's Secret. Sense and Spirit. Grace and Love. Winter Heavens. Modern Love. Juggling Jerry. The Old Chartist. Martin's Puzzle. A Ballad of Fair Ladies in Revolt. The Woods of Westermain.

In this volume Mr. Meredith has retained four only of the fifty "Modern Love" sonnets—Nos. 16, 43, 47, and the last.

KIRKCONNEL Churchyard, in Dumfriesshire, famous as the scene of the tragedy described in the well-known Border ballad of "Fair Helen"—referred to in the ACADEMY last week as "so fierce and loving, desolate and defiant, a cry imperishable and perfect"—is at present the subject of a curious dispute. Mr. J. E. Johnson-Ferguson, M.P., who some time ago purchased the estate of Springkell (formerly Kirkconnel) from Sir John Heron-Maxwell, claims the sole right to grant or refuse permission to bury in the picturesque little churchyard. His claims, however, are disputed, and, indeed, two burials have been made in defiance of a notice he has posted up. Legal proceedings are to be taken in the Scottish courts, it is understood, and there will be some knotty points for the lawyers.

"FAIR HELEN," the heroine of the ballad, is buried in Kirkconnel Churchyard, side by side with her lover, Adam Fleming. Two flat slabs mark the spot where they lie, and a sandstone cross, about fifty yards from the graves, marks the place where the tragedy is supposed to have occurred. It was in the churchyard, a romantic spot surrounded by the river Kirtle, that Helen and her lover, obliged to meet in secret, held their stolen interviews, and it was while they were walking there that Fleming's rival appeared on the opposite bank of the stream, and Helen, throwing herself in front of her lover, received the bullet intended for him, and died in his arms, "on fair Kirkconnel Lee."

THE verses that follow have come such a long way—from a ranch in New Mexico—that we have not the heart to refuse them. Besides, they are rather nice :

"And are they curst or are they blest,
The segregate, whose souls are stirred
To sadness by the fading west,
To rapture by the lilting bird ?

Who feel a spirit's fingers drawn
Across their heart-springs as they mark
The crescent glories of the dawn,
The flashing diamonds of the dark :

Who see in Nature Nature's God
Revealed, and worship at the shrines
That consecrates the golden rod
And sanctifies the columbine ?

Who shall decide? Not they who count
The gains of life by put and call,
And reckon the exact amount
Of horse-power in the waterfall:

Who see so many cubic feet
Of lumber in the sailing pine,
Who dream of corners in the wheat,
Of loss or profit in the mine.

Each with the other wages strife,
Each nourishes his native grudge ;
The Farmer of the field of Life
Who sowed the seed alone can judge."

THE Press View of the International Art Exhibition, at Knightsbridge, is fixed for to-day (Saturday); the Private View for Monday.

No. 5 of the *Dome*, just issued, is quite a distinguished little number, for it contains ten poems by singers of such note as Mr. Francis Thompson, Mr. Laurence Binyon, Mr. Laurence Housman, Mr. W. B. Yeats, Mr. Arthur Symons, and Mr. Stephen Phillips. Mr. Francis Thompson has written a Tom o' Bedlam's song "round" certain selected verses from the well-known mad song in *Wit and Drollery*, beginning "From the Hag and Hungry Goblin," &c. Mr. Housman's poem is entitled "The Prison Tree." Mr. Arthur Symons, in a "Prologue: Before the Theatre," pleads for the actors :

"How well we play our parts! Do you ever guess,
You as you sit on the footlights' fortunate side,
That we, we haply falter with weariness,
And haply the cheeks are pale that the
blush-paints hide,
And haply we crave to be gone from out of
your sight,
And to say to the Author: O our master
and friend,
Dear Author, let us off for a night, one night!
Then we will come back, and play our parts
to the end?"

Mr. W. B. Yeats sends three songlets, Celtic in every word, entitled "Aodh to Doctora."

THE Unicorn Press, whence the *Dome* emanates, is now the custodian of the *Yellow Book's* yellow. The *Dome* is issued in a rather happy combination of this colour with brown paper. But yellow—the utter yellow which contiguity with black alone can give—is the colour note of another "Unicorn" publication, *A Book of Images*, by W. T. Horton and W. B. Yeats. This book will not be generally understood of the people. Mr. Horton's symbolical drawings have—some of them—a certain beauty and fascination. They are weird and imaginative and black. Mediæval towns and streets and city spires are their commoner themes, but we have also "The Path to the Moon," which we observe is a zigzag cliff path; and in such drawings as "Sancta Dei Gentrix," "Ascending into Heaven," and "Rosa Mystica" we have Christian symbolism of the kind which Blake produced. Mr. Horton belongs, we are told, to "The Brotherhood of the New Life," which finds the way to God in waking dreams." These are Mr. Horton's dreams, and naturally they mean more to him than they do to anyone else. Sometimes Mr. Horton produces an effect that is in-

teresting to the lay mind, as in his drawing "The Viaduct." Here in blackest silhouette we have a long receding line of crazy chimney-pots, from out of which there issues the fine, firm viaduct on which a train is rumbling. This symbolises a good deal even to those who are not Brothers of the New Life. "The Old Pier," too, tells its story, and "Notre Dame de Paris" is impressive. In brief, we like Mr. Horton's drawings best when we understand them most.

MR. LE GALLIENNE, who is now living in America, has written the following War Poem, which is published in *Collier's Weekly*:

"WAR POEM.

Strike for the Anglo-Saxon!
Strike for the Newer Day!
O strike for Heart and strike for Brain,
And sweep the Beast away.

Not only for our sailors,
The heroes of the *Maine*,
But strike for all the victims
Of Moloch-minded Spain.

Not only for the Present,
But all the bloody Past,
O strike for all the martyrs
That have their hour at last.
Old stronghold of the Darkness,
Come, ruin it with light!
It is no fight of small revenge,
'Tis an immortal fight.

Spain is an ancient dragon,
That all too long hath curled
Its coils of blood and darkness
About the new-born world.

Think of the Inquisition!
Think of the Netherlands!
Yea, think of all Spain's bloody deeds
In many times and lands.

And let no feeble pity
Your sacred arms restrain,
This is God's mighty moment
To make an end of Spain."

THE Booksellers' Dinner, held last Saturday at the Holborn Restaurant, produced a great deal of light and airy opinion about books, authorship, and the future of literature. We doubt if anything of much value emerged from the talk. But our readers may judge for themselves. Here are some of the chairman's, Mr. Bryce's, *obiter dicta*:

"The test of the intellectual level of a town is to be found in the number and contents of the shelves of the booksellers' shops.

I have found no persons who are such capable critics as those who sell books.

The writing of books is an epidemic—an epidemic of increasing violence. Can nothing be done to check literary composition?

The mildness of modern criticism may account for the boldness with which people rush into print.

The vehement publication of newspapers and magazines is an evil: can nothing be done to stop people reading them?

Away with the Circulating Library.

Books ought to be cheaper. The first generation of authors may be losers, but let the heroic suffer.

The best books have been produced with no thought of profit."

MR. I. ZANGWILL gave the toast of "The Trade," which he considered was really the toast of the evening. The *Daily Chronicle*

picked out of it the following, among other, happy remarks:

"I once met a lady in an omnibus, who said to me 'Are you Mr. Zangwill? I said I was. She said, 'I have read one of your works six times.' 'Madam,' I replied, 'I had rather heard that you had bought six copies.'

It is a mistake to suppose that literary men do not want money. They do not embrace literature because there is money in it, but they expect to make money out of it. It is the difference between marrying a woman with money and marrying a woman for her money.

It is better to sell a good book than a bad book, if the profit is the same.

We write books too quickly nowadays. There was once an author who wrote just as many books as his wife gave him children. But one year she produced twins, and he was a book behind. There are a good many authors nowadays who keep pace with triplets.

We get books too easily nowadays: we get them from circulating libraries, and return them: we borrow them from friends, and do not return them: and we get them from philanthropic libraries free of charge, and these libraries add insult to injury by begging a free copy of his book from the author."

MR. ANDREW LANG, responding to the toast of "Literature," said snappy things like these:

"For the consumers of literature I have a profound contempt, because they do not consume enough, nor is what they consumed of the right sort.

Among things which prevent an author from getting on is the Circulating Library.

The curses of literature are education, bicycles, golf, the art of fiction, and printing."

The point on which the most agreement seemed to exist was that the Circulating Library is eating up the livelihood of authors who are dependent on the sale of their books. But the Circulating Library is at bottom a reply on the part of the public to the high prices of books. The public, unable or unwilling to give six shillings for a novel, clubs to buy it—Mr. Mudie and his imitators being their agents. If we were to venture on a prediction, it would be that the next ten years will see a general lowering of the prices of books. The movement has begun, and there is every sign of its continuance. The six-shilling book for three shillings and sixpence, and the three-and-sixpenny book for two shillings will come, and will stay.

MESSRS. CASSELL & CO. having achieved a success with their sixpenny edition of *King Solomon's Mines*, have proposed to the proprietor of the copyright of the late Mr. Stevenson's works a sixpenny edition of *Treasure Island*. We understand that the negotiations for this edition are now completed.

THE many admirers of Mr. G. W. Cable will be glad to know that during his stay in London he will give three readings from his works. At 133, Gloucester-road (kindly lent by Mrs. J. M. Barrie), next Tuesday, at

3 p.m., Mr. Birrell in the chair, Mr. Cable will read from his story *Dr. Sevier*:

Part 1. NARCISSE BORROWS "TWO AND A HALF FROM THE WIDOW RILEY."

Part 2. MRS. RILEY AND RICHLING DISCUSS MATRIMONY.

Part 3. THE WIDOW CHANGES HER NAME FROM IRISH TO ITALIAN.

Part 4. NARCISSE CHEERS RICHLING IN HIS LONELINESS.

Part 5. A SOUND OF DRUMS: DEATH OF NARCISSE.

Part 6. MARY'S NIGHT RIDE.

At 88, Portland Place (kindly lent by Lady Lewis), on May 26, at 3 p.m., Sir Henry Irving in the chair, Mr. Cable will read from his story *Bonaventure*:

Part 1. HOW THE SCHOOLMASTER CAME TO GRANDE POINTE.

Part 2. HOW THE CHILDREN RANG THE BELL.

Part 3. THE SCHOOL EXAMINATION.

Part 4. VICTORY OF LIGHT AND LOVE.

On both occasions Mr. Cable will sing some of the Old Creole Songs. Tickets for the above readings (10s. 6d.) may be obtained from Mrs. J. M. Barrie, at 133, Gloucester-road, S.W.

BETWEEN the above dates, on May 21, Mr. Cable will give a reading, of which the programme has not reached us, at Baytree Lodge, Frogmire, kindly lent by Mrs. Robertson Nicoll, from whom tickets may be obtained.

MISS FESTING, having undertaken to edit the papers of the late Mr. J. H. Frere, would be very glad to avail herself of any of his letters, or of any information in regard to them, that may still be in the possession of his friends, and to receive any communication on the subject addressed to her at 3, The Residence, South Kensington Museum.

SIR CHARLES TENNANT's generous gift of Sir John Millais's portrait of Mr. Gladstone to the nation appears to have been prompted—like many other good deeds—by dinner talk. Sir Charles was present at Mr. Henry Tate's Academy dinner. The conversation turning on portraits of Mr. Gladstone, it was jestingly said that Sir Charles Tennant ought to bequeath his portrait to the nation. The suggestion became almost an entreaty; but Sir Charles held out no hope. Yet within three days he had taken his decision, and at the Saturday Academy banquet Sir Edward Poynter was able to announce the gift.

SOME day it may be worth while to make a psychological inquiry into the influence of Browning on Walworth; for in this dingy suburb many hundreds of children are being reared—so far as literary aliment goes—on Browning's poems. Last Saturday evening at the Robert Browning Social Settlement the children again gave oral proof of their acquaintance with the poet's life and works. Mr. Herbert Stead is saturating the Walworth school children—wild creatures of the streets—with Browning's teachings, and the annual competition in essay writing and recitation is a social event of significance.

Apropos Goethe's quatrain quoted in our review of Sir Charles Murray's biography, a correspondent of *Notes and Queries* draws attention to a letter written by Sir Charles to the ACADEMY, in which, recounting a visit he paid to Goethe in 1830, Sir Charles wrote:

"I ventured to ask if he would complete his kindness by writing for me a stanza which I might keep as an autograph memento of my visit. After a minute's reflection he wrote for me the following quatrain:

'Lieg dir Gestern klar und offen,
Wirkst du heute kraftig treu:
Kannst auch auf ein Morgen hoffen,
Das nicht minder Glücklich sey.'

"It is pretty clear," says the correspondent, "from the words I have italicised, that Sir Charles believed these lines to be an impromptu specially composed for himself, and took the 'minute's reflection' to be a pause for the poet's inspiration. It is, therefore, rather amusing to learn from Hempel, in a note in his edition of Goethe's works, that the poet frequently wrote this stanza (of which he seems to have made also English and French renderings) when asked for a specimen of his autograph. The lines will be found in Book IV. of the *Zahner Xenien* (*Werke*, ed. Hempel, Vol. II., p. 377)."

The antiquity of Sir Charles Murray's treasure is established by the correspondent in another way:

"Lately, in a house in Abercromby-place, Edinburgh, I came across an ancient-looking portrait of Goethe with these same lines written underneath, apparently in the poet's handwriting. The owner of the house has since informed me that on taking this picture out of the frame, he found the words, 'Weimar, 7 Nov., 1825'—an appearance of the 'impromptu' five years before it was written for Sir Charles Murray. Was this an amiable weakness on the part of the sage of Weimar—a confirmation of Carlyle's fear that 'the World's-wonder in his old days was growing less than many men'?"

Sir Charles mislaid the autograph, and never could find it again, though, he adds, 'the stanza was indelibly engraved on my memory.' He does not seem to have had the faintest suspicion that it was inscribed in a good many albums besides his own."

M. J. K. HUYSMANS' personality continues to interest at least three reading publics. From *Le Temps* we learn—hardly, indeed, for the first time—that M. Huysmans lives in a humble lodging on the fifth floor of a monastic-looking house in the Rue de Sèvres. Here he may be found sitting by his fireside with a magnificent cat for his companion. It may be that M. Huysmans has adopted Voltaire's idea of the *summum bonum*: to sit by the fire, stroking a long, black, writhing Persian cat. M. Huysmans told his interviewer how he fared among the Trappists, to whom he went to obtain material for his novel, *En Route*.

"He rose at 2 a.m. for service in the chapel, and did not retire to rest until 8 p.m. However, he found it impossible to conform to the monastic diet of lukewarm soup and vegetables cooked in oil without any seasoning, for which he substituted three fresh eggs and a piece of bread, which calmed his appetite without satisfying it. He was allowed the run of the monastery, but not to talk with the monks. The result of M. Huysmans' monastic experiences as embodied in *En Route* has been

the sending of a pretty considerable number of penitents to the order."

When writing *La Cathédrale*, M. Huysmans joined the learned Benedictines of the Abbey of Solesmes. Here he spent much time examining the parchment MSS.,

"looking at the illuminations through a magnifying glass, and deciphering Latin texts, in which task he received valuable aid from the more experienced monks, some of whom are specialists whose erudition is quite remarkable. They have pierced the obscurity of mediæval symbolism. One has made a speciality of flowers, another of animals, another of perfumes, and another of precious stones. Each brought his tribute to M. Huysmans, who has recast all these materials in his book. In *La Cathédrale* will be found the signification of the colours employed in the making of stained glass and of the precious stones used in ecclesiastical vestments and ornamentation."

THE new edition of Thackeray's works is raising a crop of stories about their author, more or less new. Mr. Edward Wilberforce sends the following personal recollection to the *Spectator*:

"Just after the completion of *The Newcomes*, he told me how he was walking to the post-office in Paris to send off the concluding chapters when he came upon an old friend of his, who was also known to me. 'Come into this archway,' said Thackeray to his friend, 'and I will read you the last bit of *The Newcomes*.' The two went aside out of the street, and there Thackeray read the scene of the Colonel's death. His friend's emotion grew more and more intense as the reading went on, and at the close he burst out crying, and exclaimed, 'If everybody else does like that the fortune of the book is made!' 'And everybody else did!' was my comment. 'Not I,' replied Thackeray, 'I was quite unmoved when I killed the Colonel. What was nearly too much for me was the description of "Boy" saying "Our Father." I was dictating that to my daughter, and I had the greatest difficulty in controlling my voice and not letting her see that I was almost breaking down. I don't think, however, that she suspected it.' Perhaps a future volume of the 'Biographical Edition,' the one containing *The Newcomes*, will throw light on this subject, and tell how far Thackeray was right in his conjecture."

THREE novels we received last week from Messrs. Ward, Lock & Co. were incorrectly priced in our "Guide for Novel Readers": *The Datchet Diamonds*, by Mr. Richard Marsh; *Prisoners of the Sea*, by Miss Florence Morse Kingsley; and *Sir Tristram*, by Mr. Thorold Ashley. The prices of these books are all 3s. 6d.; not 6s., as we stated.

THE vocabulary, modes of expression, and turns of thought employed by Mr. Douglas Sladen in his new novel *The Admiral: a Romance of Nelson in the Year of the Nile*, are derived partly from Nelson's own letters, and partly from the journals of Mr. H. W. Brooke, a person of some note in his day. Mr. Brooke was godfather of Mr. Sladen's father, Mr. Douglas Brooke Sladen, and bequeathed his papers to him. He was head of the now abolished Alien Office, and as such was thrown much in contact with the French Royal Family during their exile in England, and was present at their restoration in 1814. Mr. Brooke

may be taken as a fair specimen of the educated Kentish gentleman of his time, though his grammar was constantly faulty by our standards. In some instances, however, as in the employment of "I have wrote," instead of "I have written," it is not his grammar that is at fault, but the idiom of the time. Mr. Brooke spent the last years of his life at Walmer, where the story is supposed to have been written.

THE *Christian Budget and News of the Week*, a new popular penny paper, will be issued, on June 10, by the Chandos Publishing Company. It will be run on entirely new lines. The Editor promises that it will be "bright, up-to-date, and interesting to people of all ages, classes, and creeds."

SOME of the American literary papers make brave attempts to be amusing. Here are two examples. The first is from the *Literary World* (Boston), the second from the *Bookman* (New York):

"Sir Henry Smith has written a book on *Reviewers and How to Break Them*, which the Messrs. Blackwood will shortly publish. P.S. The foregoing is a printer's error; for 'Reviewers' read 'Retrievers.'"

"At the corner of a street in an English town a well-known newspaper office recently advertised on a placard a new serial story, 'The Price of a Soul.' At the opposite corner of the same street the passer-by was confronted with an announcement on the notice-board outside of a fishmonger's shop to this effect, 'Soles, 1s. per pound!'"

A NEW Irish weekly journal, published in London, will be published on Saturday. *New Ireland*, as the journal is to be styled, will be independent of all parties and sects in Ireland. Its main object—according to the prospectus—will be to interest Irishmen and Irishwomen throughout the world in Irish literature, art, sport, and the social development of the country. A special feature will be biographical sketches, with a view to showing what Irishmen and Irishwomen have achieved and are achieving in all parts of the globe.

THE mania for discovering literary parallels is on the increase. An American reader rushes into print to proclaim the similarity between Mr. Paul Leicester Ford's novel, *The Story of an Untold Love*, and M. Edmond Rostand's play, *Cyrano de Bergerac*. In the play a stupid cadet gains the love of the *précieuse* Roxane through "the intellectual mediation of Cyrano," who writes love-letters for the cadet. In Mr. Ford's novel, Whitely, the stupid editor, takes credit for the work of the brilliant, but obscure Rudolph Hartzman in order to win a modern *précieuse*. Other, and minor, resemblances are indicated. But the writer might as well have contended, while he was about it, that the idea, common to the French play and the American novel, was derived from Mr. Anstey's story, *The Giant's Robe*, in which a third-rate scribbler actually wins a woman by publishing, as his own, the work of a better man supposed to be drowned.

PURE FABLES.

HARD KNOCKS.

A young man sat in a rose-garden and wooed Death with sonnets.

And later he was sore stricken in spirit, and Death came to do him courtesy; but he said, "Nay, nay, not yet! . . . I have sundry heartening things to write."

SUCCESS.

A man of letters was accused of harbouring Success.

"It is true," quoth the culprit. "She came to my door in the night; I took her in; my wife was charmed with her; and we decided to let her stay. Also: we have not regretted it."

MAD.

They brought a mad poet before the king.

"Give us something fine, now," said the king.

"Faugh!" the poet exclaimed, "I do not dabble with words!"

"There is a certain greatness in that," remarked the king.

THE MERELY MARKETABLE.

Apollo told the Muses that a mediocre writer was making too much play with his pen, and compassing a great deal of supererogatory tarantara.

And the Muses said that it was scarcely their fault, inasmuch as not one of them had been near the man.

THE BENIGN MOTHER.

"Poverty never did any good in the world," cried the reformer.

"Yet she appears to have stood in a maternal relation to considerable fine writing," observed the philosopher.

THE SINGLE ART.

A swan who dwelt on the bosom of a mere was vastly admired by a fox, who one day said to her, "How gracefully you swim! Now, though envious people tell me otherwise, I make no doubt that you would cut an equally elegant figure on the grass here."

Pleased with this flattery, the swan came ashore and essayed to walk; but waddled so that the fox laughed consumedly.

"Ah, madam," quoth he, "I am afraid it is given to few of us to do more than one thing really well."

T. W. H. C.

A MEMORIAL: AND A MORAL.

A SCOTTISH correspondent writes:

Judging from the history of the movement for the erection at Mauchline of a 'National' memorial of the Scottish national bard, Burns monuments and memorials are, to use a colloquialism, 'played out.' It requires some courage, undoubtedly, to even hint that this is so; but the fact remains. And facts, as the

poet himself has it, are 'chiefs that winna ding,' although, his dictum notwithstanding, they may be disputed. True, the memorial has been erected, and was on Saturday last formally opened amid the plaudits of assembled Burnsites. But even at this opening ceremony there was a doleful note sounded. The scheme, said the treasurer, had been made known in every land where the English language was spoken, and the promoters had hoped for great things. But, he significantly added, they had been 'woefully disappointed.'

Three years ago certain 'pious Burnsites' assured the public that it had 'long been a matter of reproach' that there was no 'monument or memorial' at Mauchline; and, looking to the number of Burns statues in Scotland, in America, in Australia, and elsewhere, it was, unquestionably, somewhat remarkable that there was none at Mauchline—than which no place was more closely associated with the life and the poetry of Burns. The celebration of the centenary of the poet's death was looked forward to as a suitable occasion for removing the 'reproach,' and in July, 1895, an appeal was issued for subscriptions for a 'National Burns Memorial at Mauchline,' which memorial, it had been resolved, should take the form of Cottage Homes, combined with a Tower, the lower portion of which latter would be suitable for holding relics of Burns, while the upper portion would be provided with a balcony from which visitors could view the surrounding country—Mossiel, the home of Jean Armour, the residence of Gavin Hamilton, Poosie Nansie's Hostelry (of 'Jolly Beggars' fame), the scene of the 'Holy Fair,' and many other classic scenes.

The total amount required, including a sum for the endowment of the Homes, was £5,000; and in view of the fact that at least £50,000 had been expended (so it has been estimated) on Burns memorials and Burns statues, £5,000 certainly did not seem a very extravagant demand for the erection, equipment, and endowment of a National Memorial. Moreover, a bequest of £1,000, a grant of £250 from the Cobb Bequest Trustees, and two subscriptions of £100 each were received—substantial items to account. But the 'common Burnsite' resolutely refused to draw his purse-strings. The 'Idol' continued to be worshipped with as much zeal and enthusiasm as ever, and as each recurring 25th of January came round, the 'Immortal Memory' was pledged with 'potations pottle deep'; but the great mass of the devotees remained deaf to all appeals—for cash. One after another such appeals were sent out; but not even yet, after the lapse of three years, has the £5,000 for the 'National' Memorial been subscribed. Including the bequests, the total sum raised is only a little over £4,000.

Nor is this an altogether solitary instance. A scheme was started in Montrose so far back as the year 1882 for the erection of a Burns statue there, at an estimated cost of £700, and at the end of sixteen years the subscriptions amount to £245. Two proposals have been made: one, that the £245 be kept in the bank until with accumulated interest it reaches the sum needed for the

statue; the other, that the amount subscribed be utilised for the erection of a memorial fountain to a recent Provost of the burgh!

Is it too much to say that Burns monuments are played out?"

HERMANN SUDERMANN.

In appearance Hermann Sudermann—a translation of whose latest novel, under the title of *Regina; or, the Sins of the Fathers*, is published this week—suggests the man of action rather than the man of letters. A muscular giant, bearded and blue-eyed, he resembles the ideal Wotan of Wagnerian drama, if one can imagine Wotan in a frock-coat of irreproachable cut. Yet lines of thought are to be discerned on the lofty forehead, and a poetic melancholy lurks somewhere in the depths of the fine eyes, which on the surface only reflect a smile of rare geniality.

There is something paradoxically sunny and bracing about Sudermann's vigorous personality that shines behind the clouds of even his most pessimistic pages.

Apart from the intrinsic merits of his work, the fact that he has accomplished the uncommon feat of producing successful novels with one hand and equally successful plays with the other, makes Sudermann an interesting figure in contemporary Continental literature. In this island, especially, where the belief prevails that the art of the novelist and the art of the playwright are things distinct and separate, because our Hardys and Merediths do not write plays, or our Pineroes and Joneses novels, Sudermann's achievement may well be regarded with astonishment.

He was born in that rural Eastern Prussia which provides the *milieu* of his two first novels, *Frau Sorge* and *Der Katzensteg*. *Frau Sorge* is to be accepted, indeed, as largely autobiographical in the sense that *Le Petit Chose* and *David Copperfield* are autobiographical. The touching dedicatory verses to "Meinen Eltern" tells of the author's humble origin, of his strong filial loyalty, and a boyhood of hardships and poverty. The story itself contains one of the most charming pictures of the friendship between a mother and son to be found in modern fiction. In reticent tenderness and freshness it is only comparable with the immortal twentieth chapter of Heine's *Winternachtchen*. By the early nineties *Frau Sorge* and *Der Katzensteg* had passed through many editions, while *Die Ehre* had been received with *éclat* as an "epoch-making" drama in every theatre of importance in Germany. This meteoric start has so far been well sustained by Sudermann's subsequent career. Among the most conspicuous of his later triumphs may be mentioned his monumental novel *Es war*; *Die Heimath*, whose heroine, Magda, the revolting daughter *par excellence* of the stage, has given two great foreign actresses a favourite rôle; *Sodom's Ende*, a masterly and lurid epic of Berlin morals; and *Fritzchen*, the second in a miniature trilogy of one-act plays called "*Morituri*,"

because each deals with a different manner of facing death. For sheer constructive balance and restrained tragic force this small masterpiece is unsurpassed by Sudermann's longer dramas, not excepting his last and longest, *Johannes*.

Excitement ran high in Berlin literary circles last January when it was announced that the Kaiser had magnanimously revoked the veto of the Censor, and given his *imprimatur* to *Johannes*. The demand for tickets was unprecedented, and incredible sums were paid for a single stall to witness this great sacred drama. The qualities of Sudermann's genius are too complex to be hit off in a slight sketch; they demand exhaustive study. His fame rests mainly, perhaps, on superb technique in the building of a play, and masterly psychology in the delineation of a character. That he has created a gallery of heroines of quite Meredithian individuality is not one of the least of his claims to distinction. His women, old or young, married or single, one and all are individualities first and Germans afterwards.

Sudermann is a jealous guardian of the rights of his literary *confrères*, and the reputation of the literature he has done so much to revolutionise. One winter he took up his abode in Dresden on purpose to attend the sittings of a prolonged conference on copyright and the ethics of publishing. Berlin is now his headquarters; but he is constantly on the wing, and has witnessed performances of his plays in most of the capitals of Europe. When he is writing a new work he leaves both wife and children at home, and buries himself in some obscure nook in Italy or the Tyrol. No correspondence is forwarded to him till the MS. is complete.

A *Gelegenheitsgedicht*, delivered by Sudermann in May, 1897, at the unveiling of Scheffel's statue in the Sabine Mountains, was published for the first time in *Cosmopolis* for April. The poem is a graceful tribute from the modern favourite to one of a past generation. The once popular author of *Ekkehard* excited the enthusiasm of readers whose grandchildren now *schwärmen* for *Der Katzensteg* and *Es war*; yet Sudermann maintains in his poem Scheffel still lives and will continue to live on in every German heart that cherishes the "dumme, deutsche Maiensehnsucht." The oration exhibits Sudermann in his lighter mood, the mood that inspired his volume of *contes*, *Im Zwielichte*, his *Iolanthe's Hochzeit*, and *Das ewig Männliche*. All of these elaborate trifles are characterised by a most un-Germanic daintiness of touch, and prove Sudermann, the writer of tragedies which provoke so profoundly emotions of "pity and terror," to possess the saving gift of humour.

POLYGLOT PUBLISHING.

MR. HEINEMANN's announcement that he will publish in the autumn Mr. Landor's book on his experiences in Thibet has appeared in the newspapers this week. It heralds a big publishing enterprise, for we are told that besides the English edition there will be

an American one, and French, German, Hungarian, Bohemian, Russian, and Italian translations. Behind such an announcement—though it come in a few cold, type-written sentences—there must hide an immense amount of organisation and activity. A representative of the ACADEMY induced Mr. Heinemann to talk a little about the work involved.

"Yes," said Mr. Heinemann, walking up and down his room, and fingering piles of Mr. Landor's photographs that were lying on the table, "it is, of course, a big enterprise, and most of the work is done here."

"Is your copyright protected in all these countries?"

"Not in all. You are wondering, I suppose, whether the book is not liable to be pirated, and so taken out of our hands. There is small danger of that. For one thing, Mr. Landor's is a costly work to produce. Again, its illustrations are essential to it, and these are in our keeping. A pirated edition could only be made from the editions we or our agents publish, and then it would be too late."

"About the translations—these are made, of course, in the countries concerned?"

"Yes; the translators are appointed and controlled by the publishing houses with whom we have negotiated."

"Will the translations be in all cases complete?"

"Oh yes, quite complete."

"And the foreign editions will contain the same illustrations?"

"The same. These will be sent out by us in the form of blocks, the photographs and drawings having been worked up and engraved here."

"Do you control in any way the style of printing and binding in the various countries?"

"No; these are matters for the firms issuing the book. They purchase the MS. and the blocks, and enter into other financial arrangements with us; the rest is their own affair. These firms are, of course, of the highest standing."

"It is clear that you consider Mr. Landor's book has a world-wide interest."

"There can be no doubt of that."

PARIS LETTER.

(From our French Correspondent.)

In these tragic days for poor picturesque Spain it is good to read in the *Figaro* one pretty little sentence of Loti's which effectively gives us the measure of Iberian spirit. He paints an afternoon scene in the familiar Prado and Castellana, now at their brightest and best in their rich purple flush of Judas blossom and sparkling leaf:

"The long avenues, a mingling of lawn and boskage, like the Champs Elysées of Paris, overflowed with people and carriages. Beside the fresh hue of new leafage, the big Judas trees, covered with flowers, spread in heavy purple bunches; the sky was limpid, and the air warm; everything wore an aspect of joy. Public vehicles, drawn by companies of mules with scarlet bobbins, or luxurious carriages, embla-

zed with liveried lacqueys, flashed by in resplendent style, close upon one another, innumerable; and handsome señoritas, lying back in open landaus, in passing flung officers on horseback the pretty hand salutation of the madrileñas. Truly, when one knows from elsewhere with what an impulse all these pleasure-seekers have at this moment offered their fortune and their life one cannot withhold admiration from such haughty gaiety and such disdainful smiles."

Such a book as *Le Duc de Richelieu*, by Raoul de Cisternes, is convincing evidence of the appalling dulness and mediocrity of French history from the Restoration until our own troubled times. Even the melodramatic figure of Chateaubriand and the gentle and lovely Récamier are insufficient suggestions of more effective ages, as, for all his genius, there is incontestably a note of vulgarity about Chateaubriand, and the century is barely relieved by the memory of his Byronic pose and long boots. Who today remembers the accomplishments of the Count of Serre? Yet in 1818 he was regarded as the greatest orator of the age, who astonished France by the facility of his sudden improvisations and inflamed worn politicians. Thureau-Dangin likened him to one of the legendary heroes of chivalry who kept entire armies at bay by the might of their single sword. For that matter the hero of M. de Cisternes is far from striking us as a portentous figure. He answered to a magnificent collection of names and titles—Armand Emmanuel Joseph Septimanie de Vignerot du Plessis-Richelieu, Count of Choinois, Duke of Fronsac, and Duke of Richelieu. Grandson of the brilliant marshal, the great Cardinal's nephew, we are told that he was an admirable administrator and a matchless negotiator. It needs something considerably more to interest us in so near a contemporary figure as the minister of Louis XVIII. The man is neither witty nor picturesque, nor paradoxical. His opinions are unimpeachable and he expresses them correctly, that is all. Speaking of Monsieur's party spirit, he writes:

"In all my conversations with him, as I found him on entering his cabinet so I left him on departing; I ever beheld the head of a party, never the heir presumptive of the kingdom of France. May he, on ascending the throne, recognise that a king cannot be a party king, and that all France belongs to him, as he belongs to all France."

Still at its worst and dullest there is always something to be learnt from carefully written history, and a wet afternoon may advantageously be spent over M. de Cisterne's *Duc de Richelieu*.

The old-fashioned Frenchman is in a dyspeptic stage of revolt against the new French young girl. He sits in his library and snarls at her on paper. The horrid creature is, of course, fashionable, superlatively well-dressed, not with the primitive simplicity of blue sash and white muslin gown, but with all the usurped impertinence and insistent vogue of the emancipated matron. He accuses her of all sorts of monstrous crimes. She rides a bicycle in bloomers (truly a crime against art and beauty); she follows the hunt in knicker-bockers, tunic, and long boots like her brother; she smokes cigarettes and drinks

wine without water; she "cheeks" her elders, sings music-hall songs, fishes, studies pornographic literature in secret, kisses her fiancée, even (if we are to believe *Retrogrades*, by the Count de Saint-Aulaire) proposes to him, and inveigles him into a love-scene; she swears; has, of course, no heart, and less conscience. The bilious mind is proverbially unjust and bitter. The unfortunate slave of French civilisation has only begun to suspect the imbecility of her voiceless resignation. Her follies are harmless enough, and if we are to judge of her conventional superior, the old-fashioned maiden of high life, in the pages of the eloquent and indignant count, the new scamp of fiction is vastly more intelligent and more entertaining. There is no particular harm in drinking wine without water—if one does not drink too much; nor either in innocent philandering in moonlight with an enamoured young man who wants to marry you and whom you desire to marry; but the retrograde count seems to regard all this as black iniquity. He reserves his admiration for the young lady who lifts her eyes to heaven, and sings divinely with lowered lids. Over her he gushes, and at the other he scowls. Personally, I prefer to talk to a girl who sees the sun in the mid-day heaven, and who has the pluck to dot her i's. But that's a detail. If the virtuous count preached less against the poor new young girl, and took her as he found her, with her follies and amiable vices, if he were a little less inhumanly aristocratic, *Retrogrades* would be a clever novel.

Very much more dull is another French novel with a purpose, *La Socialiste*. Politics in fiction are even worse than literature. The hero, a Socialist, is a colourless young man who once wrote ten pages of a novel he had the grace and sense not to finish. So that his literary tastes are of an inconsequent kind. But he "drops" into politics on every occasion, falls in love with an artisan's daughter, leads a strike, and loses his love by a bullet, which pierces her heart and lays her beside his dead rival.

H. L.

THE WEEK.

MR. EDMUND G. GARDNER has written a learned commentary on Dante's *Paradiso*. He calls it *Dante's Ten Heavens*, and the book is divided into seven chapters, or essays, entitled: "Dante's Paradise," "Within Earth's Shadow," "Prudence and Fortitude," "Empire and Cloister," "Above the Celestial Stairway," "The Empyrean"; the seventh section deals with Dante's letters. Mr. Gardner's work is founded on an exhaustive study of the best early and modern editions and commentaries. In the following passage from the first chapter the *Paradiso* is compared with the *Inferno* and *Purgatorio*.

"The description of . . . eternal glory and the mediæval conception of Paradise as the mystical union of the soul with the First Cause in vision, love, and enjoyment, and the comprehension of

the most sublime and secret things of the celestial mysteries, is . . . the theme of Dante's *Paradiso*. It is, perhaps, still the least popular, the least generally intelligible part of the Divine Comedy. Ruskin has somewhere spoken of the difficulty of having nobility enough in one's own thoughts to forgive the failure of any other human soul, to speak clearly what it has felt of the most divine. Perhaps in the *Inferno* the dramatic side of Dante's genius is more obvious, in those clear and terrible pictures of human passion and suffering against a background of lurid flame. In the *Purgatorio* Dante seems more the spokesman and poet of all humanity: his teaching in that second cantic, even for non-Catholics who reject the doctrine of Purgatory, seems to be of more general and universal application, corresponding to something in the heart and conscience of man. In the *Paradiso* Dante appears as essentially the man of the Middle Ages. Here, perhaps more than in any other part of the poem, does Dante show himself in thorough sympathy with his age, its doctrines and rudimentary science, its yearnings for knowledge, its delight in the beauty of intellectual satisfaction. It is such works as the *Paradiso* that enable us to realise what were the noblest thoughts and aspirations of those ages, whose exceeding light has so dazzled weak modern eyesight that they have sometimes been called dark."

THE late Mr. Du Maurier's papers on *Social and Pictorial Satire* make a pleasant volume now that they are garnered from *Harper's Magazine*.

To the *Master of Medicine* series is added a life of William Stokes by his son, William Stokes. Dr. Stokes, the great Dublin doctor, died in 1878, in his seventy-fourth year. His son gives a picture of his father's inner life, his home pursuits, tastes, and accomplishments.

THE new volume just issued of Mr. Murray's *Byron* contains letters bearing dates down to August 22, 1811. There are 168 letters in all. Moore's edition of Byron's correspondence, published in 1830, gave only sixty-one letters for the same period; Halleck's edition, in 1847, gave seventy-eight; Mr. Henley's, last year, gave eighty-eight. It will be seen, therefore, that the present volume contains much that is new and interesting to students of Byron; for the additional letters are not those which have been seen and rejected by earlier editors, they are fresh from the Murray archives. Mr. Protheroe points out that the letters contained in this volume were written by Byron from his eleventh to his twenty-third year.

"They therefore illustrate the composition of his youthful poetry, of *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers*, and of the first two cantos of *Childe Harold*. They carry his history down to the eve of that morning in March, 1812, when he awoke and found himself famous—in a degree and to an extent which to the present generation seems almost incomprehensible."

We dip at random into these lively letters and read: "Trin. Coll., Cambridge, Nov. 23, 1805. . . . I sit down to write with a Head confused with Dissipation, which, tho' I hate, I cannot avoid." In the same letter we read: "My mother and I have quarrelled,

which I bear with the patience of a philosopher; custom reconciles me to everything." But three years later he abandons his philosophy, or at least changes it:

"I once thought myself a philosopher, and talked nonsense with great decorum . . . at last, a fall from my horse convinced me bodily suffering was an evil . . . so I quitted Zeno for Aristippus, and conceive that pleasure constitutes *re xalor*."

The book has for frontispiece an unfamiliar portrait of Byron, taken between 1804 and 1806.

ART.

THE SKY-LINE AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

THE sky-line at Burlington House repays, as usual, the upward glances of visitors. These are difficult to give, especially in a crowd, for one must step backwards, even across the floor of the room, to discover in some cases even the bare subjects; and what you lose of beauty of lighting and of dexterity of handling you mainly have to guess. Yet it is obvious at a glance that the sky-line contains some forty or fifty pictures that ought to have been better hung, just as a glance along the eye-line discovers a number of canvases that, if they were to be hung at all, should have been hung as far as possible out of sight. Of some few of these forty or fifty works it may be said that they are particularly fine. They had a place even on our list of the best hundred pictures in all the Academy. It is safe prophesying to say that they will stand as high in the estimation of future generations of picture-lovers as they now stand on the walls of Burlington House. The following list—on which the appearance of Mr. Brangwyn's name repeats a similar scandal of past years—is made up of pictures to which the Academy visitor ought to turn, and which will well reward him for his pains—in the neck.

5. On the River Coquette: Moonlight. H. Charles Clifford.
13. Pale Queen of Night. Robert Goodman.
14. Wind and Rain. E. Leslie Badham.
31. Southdown Sheep. José Weiss.
38. Juno's Herd Boy. Emily R. Holmes.
44. In a Cornish Cottage. Harold C. Harvey.
54. Moonrise. Arthur Meade.
96. Evening. Folliott Stokes.
119. Early Morning on a Mediterranean Shore. Florence H. Moore.
155. Ebb Tide. Bertram Priestman.
166. "Fine Feathers make Fine Birds." Ida Lovering.
196. A Waterway. Arnesby Brown.
213. Christ and the Man Possessed with Devils. Horace M. Livens.
218. The Golden Horn. Frank Brangwyn.

224. Jubilee Procession in a Cornish Village.
G. Sherwood Hunter.
259. The Pied Piper of Hamelin. Arthur
A. Dixon.
273. Kate-a-Whimsies. Constance Halford.
306. St. Ives Harbour on a Grey Day.
Hugh Blackden.
311. The Benediction of the Sea. T. Austen
Brown.
317. Moonrise at Twilight. Julius Olsson.
324. Mrs. Harrington Mann. Harrington
Mann.
350. Portrait of a Gentleman. George
Thomson.
383. Vivian Caulfeild. Val Havers.
389. A Sail. John W. Whiteley.
417. Evening. Montague Crick.
500. Sunshine and Shade. Thomas F.
Catchpole.
501. Zennor: a Lonely Parish. Alice
Fanner.
513. White Gigs. Mary McCrossan.
579. South Queensferry-on-Forth. Archi-
bald Kay.
580. Poppies. William Ayrton.
599. A Breton Interior. A. K. Brodie.
605. Sunlight and Shadow. Alex. Frew.
611. Lechlade, Gloucestershire. William
D. Adams.
628. A Westminster Priest. George Spencer
Watson.
641. In the Streets of Dort. George C.
Haité.
906. The Right Hon. Lord Watson. John
Sargent, R.A.

Mr. Sargent himself was one of the hangers, and this fact ought to be known in view of the place given to the last named, as well as in explanation of that assigned to the fine portrait of Mrs. Wertheimer. The whole question of the hanging of the pictures at Burlington House is one which needs an open discussion. This is no merely domestic matter in the case of a semi-national institution, which occupies a site for which it did not pay a penny. The nation in general, the great body of artists in particular, are entitled to an opinion, and to the perfectly free expression of it, as to the anomalies of the Academy's present system of accepting and of placing its pictures.

And if this reform is to be accomplished, the studios ought in the first instance to decide. They may find their protection in the plebiscite of Paris, where every hanger is responsible to a constituency of artists who elect him. From the ruling President, it appears, neither the artist nor the public is to expect co-operation; even so obvious a reform as the reduction of the height to which pictures are to be crowded on the walls, a reform the influence of Lord Leighton inaugurated, has been allowed to lapse. The growing public dislike for acres of pictures, such as men would not hang on their own walls, but are invited to inspect by the official leaders of art culture, finds every year a more distinct expression; and some means, we must suppose, will shortly be found to translate it into action.

DRAMA.

THE MEDICINE MAN: FURTHER CONSIDERATIONS.

FROM the performance of the "Medicine Man" at the Lyceum two considerations arise to which the newspaper critic, writing *au pied levé*, has hardly given sufficient attention. The first is concerned with a new claim put forth on behalf of the stage, a claim asserted by no less an authority than Sir Henry Irving himself, and supported more or less emphatically by other leading actors—namely, that the function of the better class of drama is not solely to entertain, but also to instruct, to educate the public, and under "drama," of course, one naturally includes acting and mounting. This claim involves another with which it is usually coupled, the subsidising, or the municipalising, of the theatre; but that I do not propose to discuss, if only because the one claim must be made good before the other can be entertained, since the subsidising of mere entertainment as opposed to instruction would bring forward Mr. Arthur Roberts, Miss Letty Lind, and even the burning and shining lights of the music-hall, as worthy objects of State or municipal bounty. Well, on the score of education, here are Messrs. Traill and Hichens proclaiming in "The Medicine Man," with Sir Henry Irving's countenance and support, a theory of hypnotism which belongs not to science but to the show-booth. In presenting "will-power" as the source of the mysterious, Dr. Tregenna's influence over his patients and the secret of his miraculous cures, they degrade a scientific principle to the level of the practices of the professional conjuror and illusionist. For twenty years or more, ever since the researches and experiments of the Paris faculty placed hypnotism upon the strictly scientific basis of "suggestion," "will-power" has been relegated to the same limbo as "odyllic force" and "electro-biology"; it is the pretence of the trickster and charlatan of the platform. To be sure, this exploded theory of will-power has recently been revived as a pseudo-scientific speculation under the name of telepathy, but in that form it does not come before us in the Lyceum play, which crudely inculcates as a modern fact the mesmeric superstition of a hundred years ago. How is this to be reconciled, I would ask, with the educational pretensions of the stage?

If the inquiring student went to the Lyceum for instruction in hypnotism—a really useful and promising branch of psycho-physiology with important bearings upon a variety of phenomena, including insanity, somnambulism, dreams, genius, and even the working of spells, charms, fetishes, and other occult influences which, surviving all the scientific contumely poured upon them, are at length perceived to have some foundation in fact—he would come away with a wholly erroneous idea. For this I am not blaming the authors, who have no views, so far as I am

aware, about the educational influence of the drama, and who are at liberty, like Molière, to take their material where they find it. They have judged, rightly or wrongly, that the hocus-pocus of the quack is more effective for stage purposes than the science of the Salpetrière, and they are entitled to their opinion. Unfortunately there is no intimation in the play that Dr. Tregenna is a quack. On the contrary, he is represented as an up-to-date brain specialist, who ought certainly to be aware that the only valid agency in hypnotism is "suggestion," a command conveyed through one of the patient's senses—sight, hearing, smell, taste or touch—or several combined, as when a pillow placed in the patient's arms arouses the idea of a baby. All would be well with Dr. Tregenna's hocus-pocus but for that new-fangled educational theory.

Nor is it alone where science is concerned that the ill-considered pretensions of the stage come to grief. The dramatist notoriously takes liberties with history which would not meet with the approval of a Cambridge Local Examiner. In "Charles I." the late W. G. Wills and Sir Henry Irving between them depicted the Stuart king as a paragon of the domestic virtues, and Cromwell as a low, self-seeking adventurer; and doubtless the historian would have something to say to the Lyceum sketch of Napoleon and his Court as given in Sardou's "Madame Sans Gêne." Shakespeare himself is one of the greatest offenders against historical truth. Where the drama may legitimately aim at educational accuracy is in the matter of costume, but even within this limited field its teaching can only be approximately correct. Much of the archaeological detail of modern *mise-en-scène* is indeed lost upon the public. There remains the acting to be considered. "Surely the best acting," it will be said, "gives us a valuable insight into human nature." I am not so sure that the critic, professional as well as amateur, does not labour under a delusion in this respect. The actor, it seems to me, is always at his best (and the dramatist too) when he is telling us something we already know. It is the recognition of a truth on the stage—the reproduction of emotional conditions with which one is already familiar—that gives the spectator a thrill of satisfaction. When actor and author wander off into the abstruse or the didactic or the unknown—that is to say, when they may be supposed to be most educational—they are least impressive.

THE second consideration suggested by "The Medicine Man" is the subtlety, the curious indefiniteness of that gift which belongs to the born dramatist as distinguished from the man of letters. In point of literary workmanship, "The Medicine Man" ranks high; its characterisation also stands out well. But as a drama it lacks something—it is difficult to say what. The authors appear to have fashioned a beautiful model into which they have failed to breathe the breath of life. After seeing the Lyceum production, one realises the truth of the

younger Dumas' remark (in one of his innumerable prefaces), that dramatic effect is sometimes so intangible that the spectator "cannot find in the printed text of a play the point which charmed him in its performance," and which may be due not merely to a look, a word, a gesture, but to "a silence, a purely atmospheric combination." In this case the text is irreproachable, but one misses the charm. Not that this casts any reflection upon the intellectual capacity of Messrs. Traill and Hichens! Dumas goes on to say that "a man of no value as a thinker, as a novelist, as a philosopher, as a writer, may be a man of the first order as a dramatic author"; and conversely. Legouvé, the collaborator of Scribe, puts forward the same view. "The talent of the dramatist," he observes, "is a very singular and very special quality. It is not necessarily united to any other intellectual faculty. A man may have much wit, much learning, much literary skill, and yet be absolutely incapable of writing a play. I have seen men of real value and of high literary culture bring me dramas and comedies which seem to be the work of a child. On the other hand, I have received from persons of no great intelligence, in which was to be found a something that nothing else can take the place of, a something which cannot be acquired, which is never lost, and which constitutes the dramatist." In the great dramatists, no doubt, this special gift is united with the literary gift, with philosophy, psychology, poetry. But there it is, the one indispensable condition of success on the stage; the other qualities are but accessories. "The drama," as M. Brunetière declares, "can, if need be, live on its own stock, on its own resources, relying solely on its own means of expression." If I might hazard an explanation of the difference subsisting between the born dramatist and the literary man pure and simple I would say that the former is governed by a sense of movement, of action, while the latter relies instinctively upon the fashioning of ideas by means of language. It is not in what the *dramatis persona* say, but in what they do that the force of a play consists. Mr. Brander Matthews very shrewdly remarks that "if Hamlet were performed in an asylum for the deaf and dumb there would be no fear that the interest of the spectators would flag." They could take in so much of the story by the eye alone. How would "The Medicine Man" emerge from such a test? While the literary man is preoccupied with literary form, the dramatist thinks in action. Racine is recorded to have told a friend that a new play of his was nearly completed—as he had only to write it. And Beaumarchais once said of the characters of one of his plays still unwritten: "What they will say I don't know; it is what they are going to do that interests me."

J. F. N.

CORRESPONDENCE.

ALAN BRECK.

SIR,—We can get nearer to Alan Breck, by tradition, than the local description of him as "a little wee man, but very square." This account, followed by Mr. Buchan in his article on "The Country of Kidnapped," was adopted by Mr. Stevenson. But a friend of Sir Walter Scott's met Alan (or Allan) in Paris, about 1789. He described the hero as "a tall, thin, raw-boned, grim-looking old man, with the petit croix [sic] of St. Louis." There follow details, and Alan is represented as talking Lowland Scots. Mr. Stevenson has been blamed for giving Alan this dialect: he only followed Sir Walter's report—second-hand evidence, indeed, but better than any now attainable. Alan might possibly be traced in French Army Lists. As to the actual Appin murderer, an unbiased Badenoch man at Loch Awe assured me that tradition assigned the deed to a Cameron, and Sergeant Mohr Cameron (betrayed by another Cameron and hanged in 1753) appears to be indicated. The Sergeant, however, was "justified" on other counts, naturally, as Government was pledged to the theory that Alan slew Glenure. Information was privately laid against Fassfern by the betrayer of Sergeant Mohr, as instigator of the Appin murder. The charge was too absurd to be pressed. Mr. Buchan probably did not find the place where Alan and David leaped the Coe. That is poetical topography, for in the blazing weather described anyone could wade the Coe almost anywhere. Scott's account of Alan is in a note to p. exi., vol. i., of *Rob Roy*, 1829.

A. LANG.

Kensington : May 7.

THE SPELLING OF SHAKSPERE'S NAME.

SIR,—We can all sound the name of Shakspere. We can weigh it with any other in any language or literature. We often conjure with it; but when we come to write it we have our doubts. Shakspere, Shakspere, Shakspere, Shakspere are all familiar to all of us; and each method of spelling has a number of serious students and lovers of Shakspere to back it with authority, to many of whom the spelling of the greatest name in literature is an article of faith as strong as their religious belief—sometimes stronger. But, in addition to these familiar methods, there are three other ways of spelling the name which are to the majority of readers quite unknown.

Shaxpere is the spelling in the record of the poet's father having his name removed from the roll of aldermen of Stratford-on-Avon, September 6, 1586. And the same spelling is used in the *civil* copy of registry of marriage dated November 28, 1582.

Shackspeare is the spelling in a certificate signed by Sir Thos. Lucy against John S., the father of the bard, dated (I think) 1586, under the recusancy law.

Shagspere is the spelling of the copy of the marriage license dated November 27, 1582, at Worcester Cathedral. And also in the ex-

communication of Henry S., of Spitterfield (brother of John S., the poet's father), dated November, 1581, the excommunication being for not paying tithes to the Rev. Thos. Robbins.

The New Shakspere Society has adopted, with strong reason, the method of spelling I have used in this letter—*Shakspere*—which is the spelling the poet used in signing his will. Could you open your columns to a little discussion on the subject, so that, if possible, we may arrive at an accepted form of spelling for the greatest name in our or any other language? For even in the few plays published by the New Shakspere Society the editors use one method and the publishers take it upon themselves to use another (Shakespeare).—Faithfully yours,

JOHN E. YERBURY.
Emsworth, Hants : May 6.

MR. SWAN EXPLAINS.

SIR,—I have read your brief notice of my version of the Book of Job, and should be sorry to have it thought that my object was merely to paraphrase or vulgarise this magnificent book. My object specially was rather to show that, put into ordinary idiom, the answer of Elihu to Job was really one that would and did satisfy him as to the continued presence and guidance on earth of the Spirit; and that the last speech, "The Voice of the Lord from the Whirlwind," was spoken by Elihu himself for and on behalf of the Spirit, as he himself says, "in God's stead." In some cases, as in that quoted by yourself and the *Daily Chronicle*, there is little or no gain in clearness in the new version; in others I venture to think there is such a gain. It is difficult to give quotations which will fully show this on account of space, as the effect is cumulative in continued use of plain idiom throughout; but possibly you will allow me one or two quotations to show the intent. I may also say that one object of the version was to give ordinary English rendering for the purpose of spreading a wider knowledge of these texts among students of English in foreign lands; as well as to bring into greater prominence the main idea in Elihu's speech that, when a man is moved by the Spirit within him against injustice or wrongdoing, his duty is to "speak out" against it, and not "palter with his conscience" by attempting to make peace with evil for fear of suffering affliction. This sentiment, which lies at the root of the book, on account of the quaint idiom, is not so clear as it might be, so much so that most readers do not see that there is any answer at all given to this great problem to Job, who nevertheless announced himself satisfied.

I give the following parallel quotations to illustrate the contention—brackets instead of italics showing the words inserted by the translators in the Bible version :

THE BIBLE.

MR. HOWARD SWAN.
[Descriptive.]

Surely there is a vein
(or mine) for the silver,
mines for silver,
and a place for gold
where they fine it.

THE BIBLE.

Iron is taken out of the earth, and brass is molten (out of) the stone.

He setteth an end to darkness, and searcheth out all perfection: the stones of darkness and the shadow of death.

The flood breaketh out from the inhabitant: (even the waters) forgotten of the foot: they are dried up, they are gone away from men.

[NOTE.—*This is a description of the sinking of a shaft in the Hebrew.*]

(As for) the earth, out of it cometh bread: and under it is turned up as it were fire.

The stones of it are the place of sapphires: and it hath dust of gold.

(There is) a path which no fowl knoweth, and which the vulture's eye hath not seen:

The lion's whelps have not trodden it, nor the fierce lion passed it.

He putteth forth his hand upon the rock [or flint]; he overturneth the mountains by the roots.

He cutteth out rivers among the rocks; and his eye seeth every precious thing.

He bindeth the floods from overflowing; and (the thing that is) hid bringeth he forth to light.

Job xxviii.

For he will not lay upon man more (than right); that he should enter [go] into judgment with God . . .

When he giveth quietness, who then can make trouble? and when he hideth his face, who then can behold him? whether (it be done) against a nation, or against a man only:

That the hypocrite reign not, lest the people be ensnared.

Surely it is meet to be said unto God, I have borne (chastisement). I will not offend (any more):

MR. HOWARD SWAN

[Descriptive.]

Iron is dug from the earth,
And copper smelted from ore.
Man makes nought of the darkness;
He mines to the farthest depths
The rocks of darkness and the shadow of death.
He sinks a shaft below haunts of men,
And lets down a frail support;
They hang on by their hands and feet,
And fearfully sway to and fro.

Out of the earth comes their bread,
And the underpart is blasted by fire;
For the worthless rock is the setting of sapphires,
And in dust is the glitter of gold!
The path that no bird of prey has known,
Nor falcon's eye has seen,

Where proud beasts never have set their foot,
Nor has the fierce lion roamed:
There man puts forth his hand on the flinty rock;
He uproots the very mountaintops.
He cuts him passes amongst the rocks;
And his eye searches for precious things.
He dams back the streams that they flow not down,
And hidden things brings to light.

[Argumentative.]

For one need not further consider a man
If he go before God in judgement . . .
When HE gives the earth quietness,
Who then shall condemn?
And when HE hides his face,
Who then can see him?
But whether it be to a nation
Or to a man, it is so:
That a Godless man should not rule,
Lest the people themselves be ensnared.
For surely it is right to say to the Spirit,
"I have suffered, I will not offend."

THE BIBLE.

[Descriptive.]

(That which) I see not, teach thou me: if I have done iniquity, I will do no more.
(Should it be) according to thy mind? he will recompense it, whether thou refuse, or whether thou choose; and not I therefore speak what thou knowest.

Job xxxix.

[Or again]

How thy garments (are) warm, when he quieteth the earth by the south (wind).

Hast thou with him spread out the sky, (which is) strong, (and) as a molten looking-glass?

Teach us what we shall say unto him; (for) we cannot order our speech by reason of darkness.

Shall it be simply said that "I speak"? If a man speak, surely he shall be swallowed up.

Job xxxvii.

—Yours, &c.,

MR. HOWARD SWAN

[Descriptive.]

That which I see not, teach thou me: If I have done ill deeds, I will do so no more. Should it not come from you first? He will reward your acts.
Whether you refuse to ask,
Or whether you choose to do so,—
And certain it is not I: Then speak out what you think!

You whose garments feel warm When he soothes the earth with the South wind,

Can you with him spread over the sky Thick as a molten mirror?

Teach us how we must speak for him; For now we cannot order our speech by reason of utter darkness.

Shall it be simply said that "I speak"? If a man speak so, surely he would be swallowed up!

HOWARD SWAN.

Authors Club: May 9, 1898.

BOOK REVIEWS REVIEWED.

"Comedies and Errors." By Mr. Harland. naturalise the *conte* on these inclement shores." The phrase is used by the critic of the *Daily Chronicle*, who finds the attempt successful as far as it goes. He praises Mr. Harland very prettily:

"This reviewer cannot call to mind the name of anyone writing in English who works in the same medium in which Mr. Harland does supremely well. He is a pastelist. He reminds one of that magician of the pantomime who, dropping a little powder into a saucer and setting light to it, coloured rose or green a theatre full of common people. His first paragraph is Mr. Harland's saucer, a dozen words his powder, his arrangement of them sets them afame, and lo!—it is spring-time in Rome; it is May in Paris; the almond-blossom is out in Kensington Gardens. A moment later, and one of Mr. Harland's well-seen women takes the stage, and she is proud and fine and tender and witty; somehow you know, though you are not told, that she walks on slim, arched feet, has the slender waist and throat of delicate breeding, and never a mean thought from head to feet. Enter one of Mr. Harland's men—a manly man (though his appearance is never described), a man who pulses with the right ardours, a man who not only talks but understands well. Then a love-scene, instinct with charm, with humour, warmth, *esprit*!"

The *Daily Telegraph*'s reviewer has found the same delicate flavour and intention in Mr. Harland's work.

"Full of a quaint and engaging mannerism, with pleasant little tricks of style—such as the repetition of a given adjective or the echo of an old phrase repeated with constant variations, as though he were composing a fugue—he enlists our confidence and appeals, as a musician might do, to receptive and appreciative ears. He is delightfully frank, full of bonhomie, a skilful manipulator of words, endowed with a delicate literary instinct, above all, with a capacity of suggesting a great many more thoughts than he actually expresses. When all is said and done, there is only a sequence of some half a dozen notes, more or less a kind of 'Tiratirala,' which, detached from its proper context, might be considered fortuitous, haphazard, futile. Nevertheless, the stories haunt us because they open for us the ivory gate of dreams."

Each of these critics has something to say about Mr. Harland's future. Thus the *Chronicle*:

"Some [of these stories] have appeared before, if we mistake not, in the regretted *Yellow Book*: erstwhile the single hope of young writers who had not got over their silly dream of 'doing something good some day.' The decease of the *Yellow Book* was, we suppose, the reply on the part of the public to Mr. Harland and those writers. It is comforting to think that, in spite of this reply, Mr. Harland has found courage to publish this book. . . . But we bid him rather to hope, to work on. Publics are made, not born; his may be in the making now."

The *Telegraph*:

"He is more of a creator and less of a critic [than Walter Pater], perhaps some day he will even achieve the same kind of literary distinction as that which adorned his older rival. The deuce of it is—'You permit the expression,' says one of Mr. Harland's characters, to which his companion replies, 'I am devoted to the expression'—the deuce of it is that Mr. Henry Harland will some day be tempted to write a long novel, and then it is conceivable that, very much against our wills, we may find him out."

Mr. Harland has still to reckon with the *Saturday Reviewer*, and the *Saturday Reviewer* is not pleased with *Comedies and Errors*. He finds Mr. Harland's art ineffective and derivative; he will barely tolerate its best:

"The stories of the present volume are mostly told in the first person, and it is rather forced upon the reader that they possess some sort of autobiographical significance; excluding, of course, those stories which are sheerly fantastic. If this is a just inference we are scarcely captivated by the personality, by the ghost of a personality, which they disclose; they suggest a bore, and one of the least tolerable of his kind—a bore who has been to Rome and who has an Aunt Elizabeth. It is, we fear, all in vain that Mr. Harland carries himself with an air, that he tips his hat, flourishes his cane, and raps out his Italian and French phrases. His mimicry, clever as it is, has not convinced us that he belongs to the aristocracy of letters, or that his stories represent anything but the comedy of high life below stairs. He has read his Henry James, his Maupassant, his De Musset, even his Thackeray, with a result that is a little too obvious; and to these we might add the name of Mr. Jerome when we read such a witticism as, 'A woman who plays Chopin ought to have three hands—two to play with, and one for the man who's listening to hold.' The main defect, however, of Mr. Harland's art is not that it is preten-

tious, not that it is almost wholly derivative, but that it is elaborately uninteresting, an inexcusable defect in the art of the short story. From Mr. Henry James he has learnt the value of the significant detail in fiction, and he overestimates it; he has not Mr. James's nice faculty of observation, his sense of proportion. Nevertheless, of Mr. Harland's various manners his Henry James manner is perhaps the most successful; he has acquired something of his model's elusive felicity of phrase, something of his ineffective fidelity in portraying character. All his characters indeed talk like one and the same person, hesitatingly, like a person who is searching for the *mot juste*, with a non-committal air that is unspeakably tantalising. Where, as in the case of De Musset, Mr. Harland attempts to follow a writer, more of inspiration than of artifice, he follows him at a much greater distance. Notwithstanding the fact that Mr. Harland struts about in borrowed plumes, there are two stories, in the book, 'P'tit Bleu' and 'Rosemary for Remembrance,' which can be read without fatigue, which are almost convincing bits of artistry.'

BOOKS RECEIVED.

Week ending Thursday, May 12.

THEOLOGICAL, BIBLICAL, &c.

SHORT STUDIES ON VITAL SUBJECTS. By the Rev. P. W. de Quetteville, M.A. Elliot Stock.

CHRIST THE SUBSTITUTE: A SERIES OF STUDIES IN CHRISTIAN DOCTRINE, BASED UPON THE CONCEPTION OF GOD'S UNIVERSAL FATHERHOOD. By E. Reeves Palmer, M.A. John Snow & Co.

THE DOCUMENTS OF THE HEXATEUCH, TRANSLATED AND ARRANGED IN CHRONOLOGICAL ORDER. With Introduction and Notes. By W. E. Addis, M.A. Vol. II.: **THE DEUTERONOMICAL WRITERS AND THE PRIESTLY DOCUMENTS.** David Nutt.

CHARACTERISTICS FROM THE WRITINGS OF NICHOLAS, CARDINAL WISEMAN. Selected by Rev. T. E. Bridgett. Burns & Oates, Ltd.

PHILOLOGY OF THE GOSPELS. By Friedrich Blass, Dr. Phil. Macmillan & Co. 4s. 6d. **ESSAYS IN AID OF THE REFORM OF THE CHURCH.** Edited by Charles Gore. John Murray.

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

MASTERS OF MEDICINE: WILLIAM STOKES, HIS LIFE AND WORK (1804-1878). By his Son, William Stokes. T. Fisher Unwin. 3s. 6d.

LADY FRY OF DARLINGTON. By Eliza Orme, LL.B.

LIFE IN AN OLD ENGLISH TOWN: A HISTORY OF COVENTRY, FROM THE EARLIEST TIMES, COMPILED FROM OFFICIAL SOURCES. By Mary Dormer Harris. Swan Sonnenschein & Co. 4s. 6d.

TWENTY-FIVE YEARS IN BRITISH GUIANA. By Henry Kirke, M.A. Sampson Low.

A MIDDY'S RECOLLECTIONS, 1853-1860. By Rear-Admiral the Honourable Victor Alexander Montagu. A. & C. Black. 6s.

JOHN AND SEBASTIAN CABOT: THE DISCOVERY OF NORTH AMERICA. By C. Raymond Beazley. T. Fisher Unwin. 5s.

POETRY, CRITICISM, BELLES LETTRES.

THE LAW'S LUMBER ROOM. Second Series. By Francis Watt. John Lane.

THE TEMPLE CLASSICS: THE HIGH HISTORY OF THE HOLY GRAIL. Translated from the French by Sebastian Evans. Vol. I.

SIDE-LIGHTS OF NATURE IN QUILL AND CRAYON. Written by Edward Tickner Edwards. Drawn by Geo. C. Haité. Kegan Paul.

SOCIAL PICTORIAL SATIRE. By George Du Maurier. Harper Brothers. 5s.

DANTE AT RAVENNA: A STUDY. By Catherine Mary Phillimore. Elliot Stock.

THE DOME. No. 5. The Unicorn Press.

SCIENCE AND PHILOSOPHY.

SCIENTIFIC METHOD IN BIOLOGY. By Dr Elizabeth Blackwell. Elliot Stock.

KARL MARX AND THE CLOSE OF HIS SYSTEM: A CRITICISM. By Eugen v. Böhm-Bawerk. Translated by Alice M. Macdonald. T. Fisher Unwin. 6s.

THE SCIENCE OF LAW AND LAW-MAKING. By R. Floyd Clarke. The Macmillan Co. 17s.

THE FAUNA OF BRITISH INDIA, INCLUDING CEYLON AND BURMA: BIRDS. Vol. IV. Taylor & Francis.

TRAVEL AND TOPOGRAPHY.

LOCKHART'S ADVANCE THROUGH TIRAH. By Capt. L. J. Shadwell, P.S.C. W. Thacker & Co.

LITTLE'S LONDON PLEASURE GUIDE, 1898. Simpkin, Marshall. 1s.

CARLISLE CATHEDRAL. By R. S. Ferguson, F.S.A. Isbister & Co. 1s.

A GUIDE TO THE GUILDHALL OF THE CITY OF LONDON. Simpkin, Marshall & Co. 6d.

NEW EDITIONS OF FICTION.

MADEMOISELLE IXE. By Lance Falconer. T. Fisher Unwin. 6d.

EDUCATIONAL.

HIGHER ARITHMETIC AND MENSURATION. By Edward Murray. Blackie & Son. 3s. 6d.

THE PALMERSTON READERS: BOOK VI. Blackie & Son.

MISCELLANEOUS.

INDUSTRIAL EXPERIMENTS IN THE BRITISH COLONIES OF NORTH AMERICA. By Eleanor Louisa Lord. The John Hopkins Press (Baltimore).

GARDEN-MAKING: SUGGESTIONS FOR THE UTILISING OF HOME GROUNDS. By L. N. Bailey. The Macmillan Co. 4s.

A BOOK OF IMAGES. Drawn by W. T. Horton, and Introduced by W. B. Yeats. The Unicorn Press. 3s. 6d.

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

MRS. TYNAN HINKSON—better known, perhaps, as Katharine Tynan—will at once publish, through Mr. Grant Richards, a new volume of poems, entitled *The Wind in the Trees: a Book of Country Verse*. In a sense the volume is almost a calendar of the rural year.

"THE BALLAD OF READING GAOL" has been translated into French by M. Henry Davray, and appears in the May number of the *Mercure de France*. It is later to appear in book form, with the French and English on opposite pages.

MR. T. FISHER UNWIN'S LIST.

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